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PUBLICATION

JULY



AL JOLSON

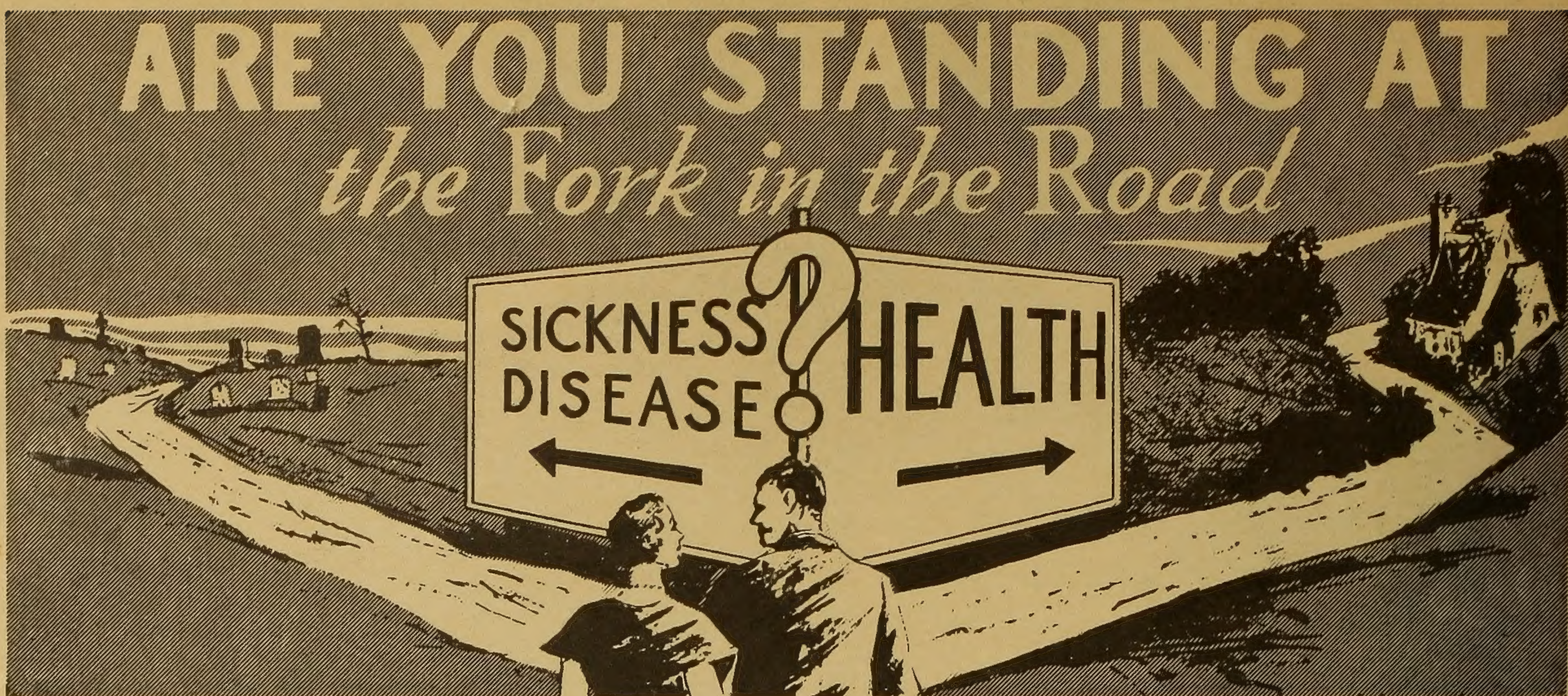


**Mrs. ALLEN
Exposes FRED**

**Do You Know
The Real RUBINOFF?**

**Meet the
Radio Wives**

What Did RADIO Do To JOLSON'S Family Life?



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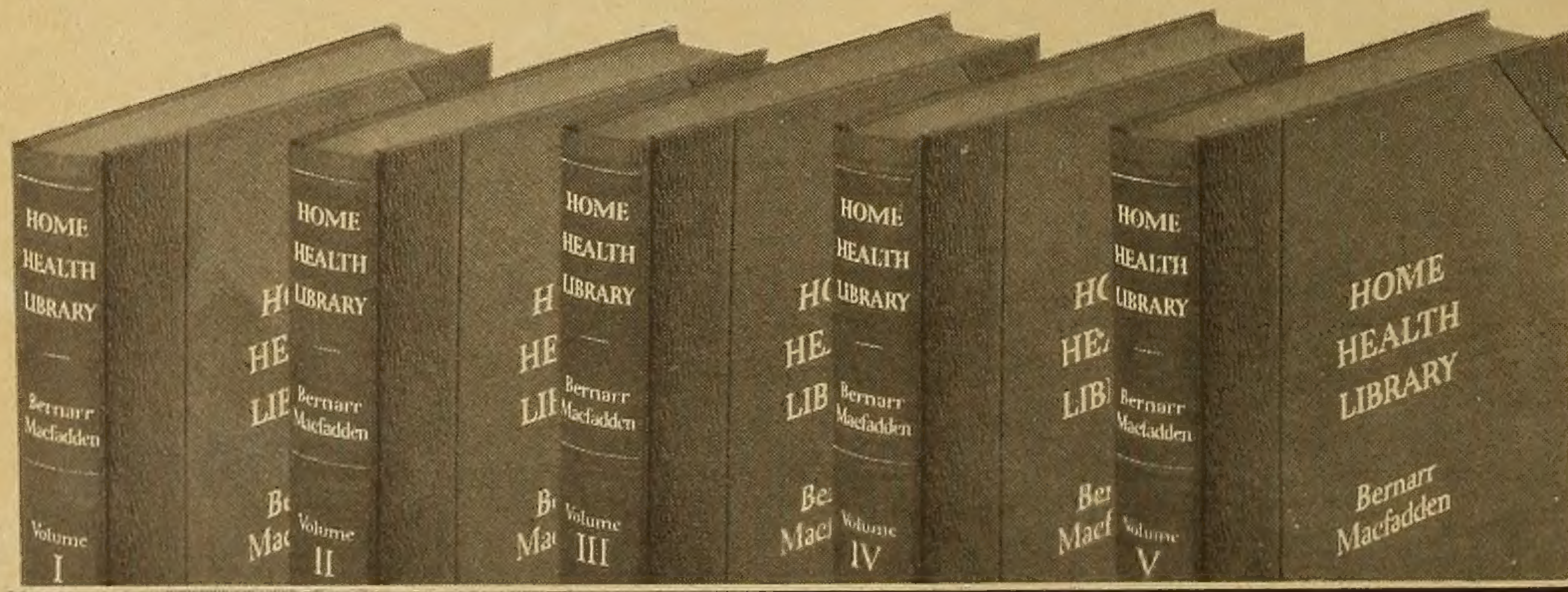
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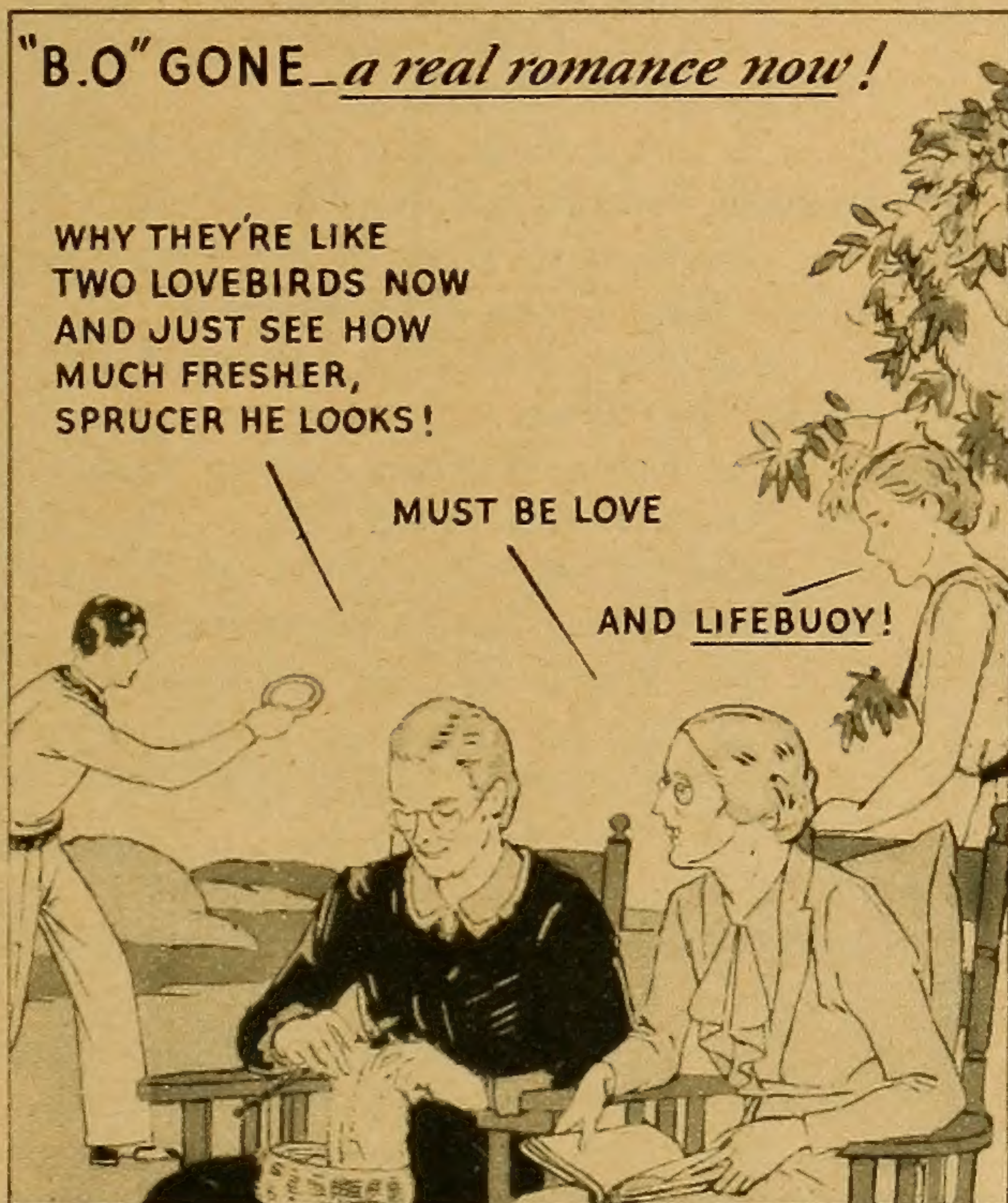
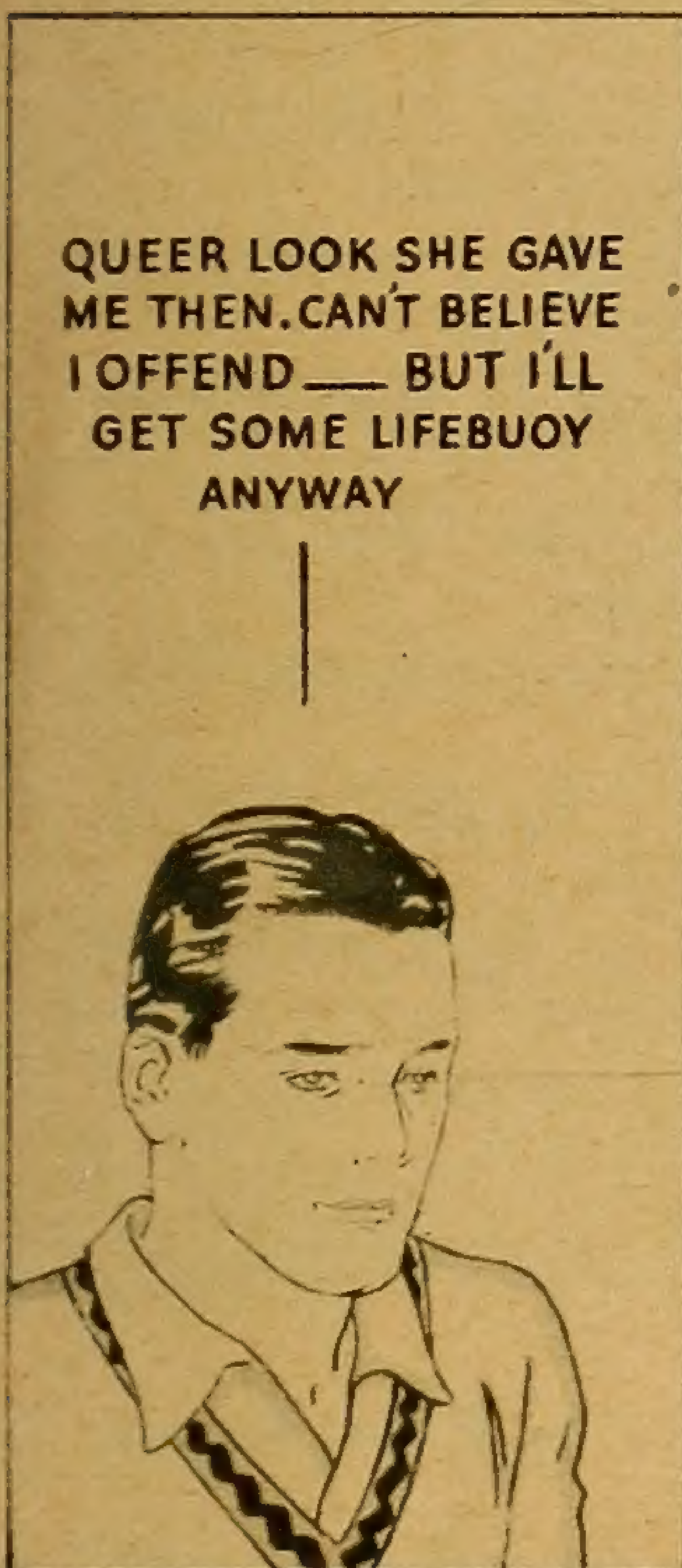
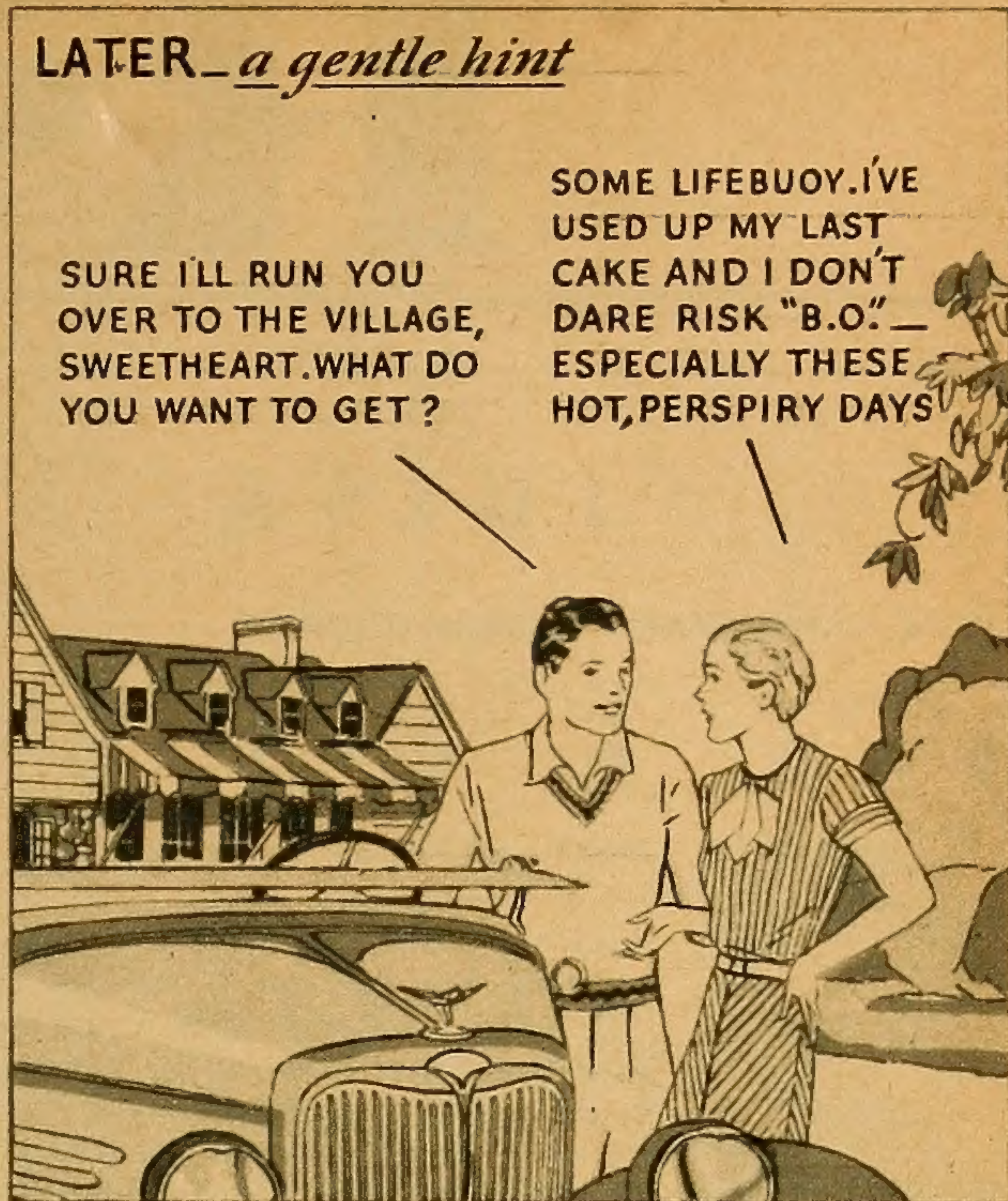
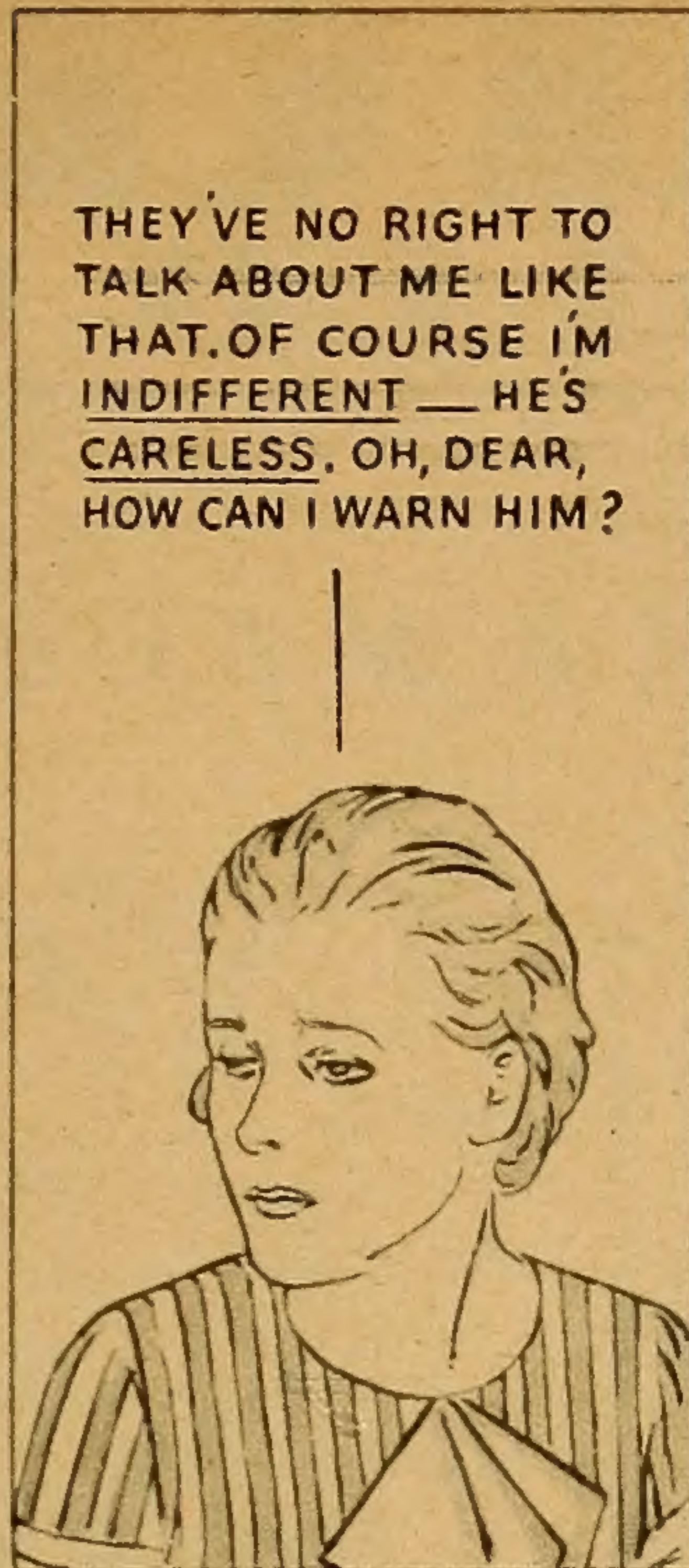
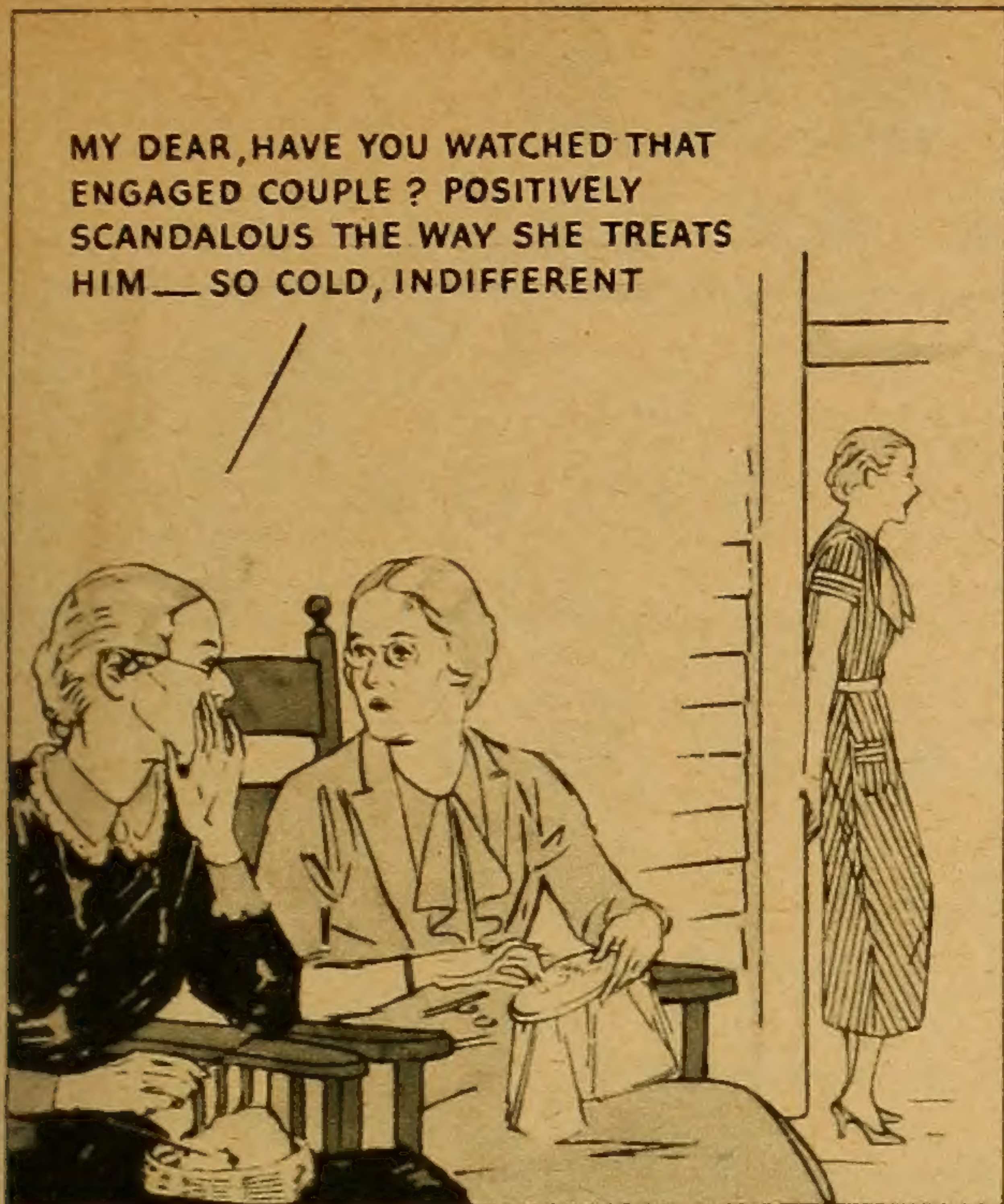
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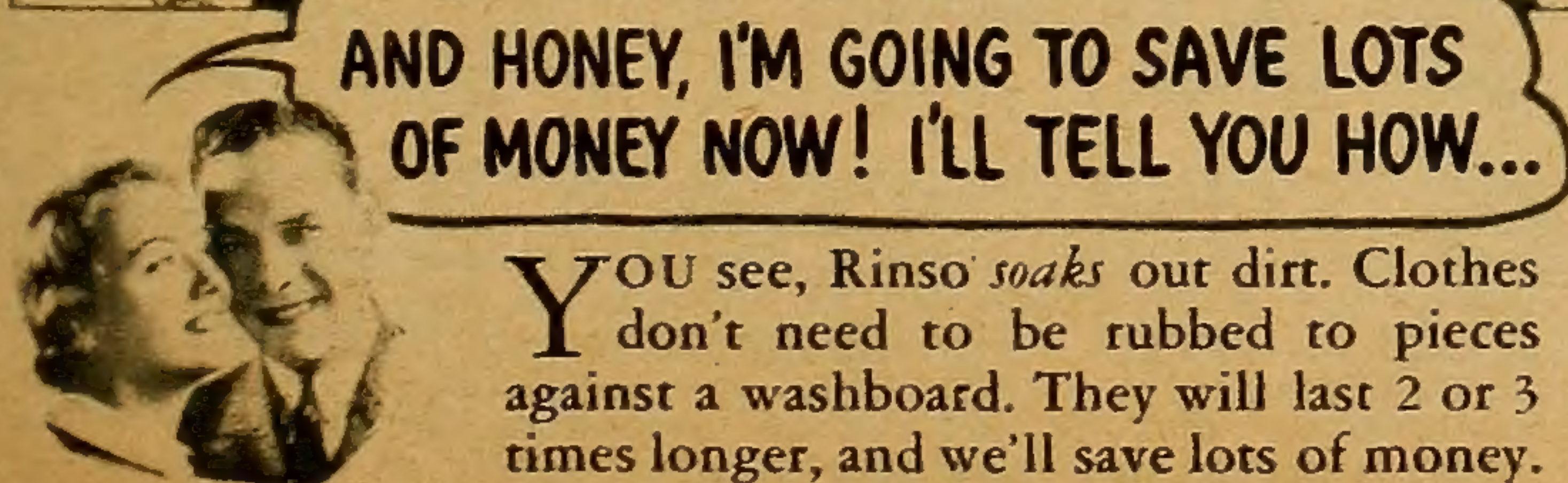
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RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 2 NO. 3

JULY - 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l



NEXT MONTH—He broadcasts a lie a minute and makes the whole country laugh. The Baron Munchausen has become a national air character, and now Jack Pearl puts down on paper some of the fabulously exaggerated facts which the baron has never broadcast. In the language of the imaginative Munchausen, Jack Pearl writes his own story for

RADIO MIRROR next month. Don't miss it. It's a riot!

Sometimes they, themselves, don't know what they're talking about, but that never stops Stoopnagle and Budd. Herb Cruikshank tears away all the side-splitting defence of their crazy microphone caperings and



tells you about the nutty duo, Stoopnagle and Budd, who grow sillier and more popular with each broadcast.

Just when it seemed as though the Movie sun had set for the glamorous cinema star, Irene Rich, radio discovered her. The Irene Rich behind the voice comes to you next month in an entertaining recounting of what you don't know about this actress.



Would you like to be a confidential secretary to Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Ben Bernie, Eddie Duchin or any other of your radio favorites? Next month Rudy's brother, Bill Vallee, tells you all about these RADIO OFFICE WIVES, what they look like, where they go after office hours, and WHAT THEY ACTUALLY THINK OF THEIR BOSSES.

He was born in the lap of luxury. He could have found a life of pleasant leisure, but Albert Spalding was an artist, and money meant nothing to him. HIS MUSIC WAS EVERYTHING. Rose Heylbut tells you all about this charming genius who overcame the early handicap of too much money in the family.

Did you know there's a woman behind Nino Martini's rise? A blonde? A brunette? Read the August RADIO MIRROR and learn all about this feminine inspiration who made the handsome singing star what he is today.



Mike Porter gives you the inside of this vogue for microphone stooges, those OLE-MAN RIBBERS who have saved more than one famous comedian from flopping on the air waves. Then there are a dozen other interesting personality stories, all the news

of the West Coast and Chicago studios, a gorgeous gallery of stars, the HOMEMAKING DEPARTMENT. Gard's caricatures, and many more features, packed into what we consider the best RADIO MIRROR we've given you yet.

DON'T MISS THE AUGUST RADIO MIRROR!

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"Double Quick"

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DURING THE SUMMER**

with the

**PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE**

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the
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Is it...

"BACK ROLL"
"EXTRA TIRE"

"BULKY HIPS"
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E WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

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**REDUCE
WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
it will cost you nothing!**

Joy Lynn

★ She looks like a South Sea Island maiden, but it's pretty Joy Lynn, a new blues singer with Don Bestor's orchestra

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson



Making Radio Stars for the

T O B O G G A N

"WE make 'em and break 'em" should be the slogan for some of the important executives in the big broadcast studios, as the talent situation exists today. The most significant weakness in this powerful medium of entertainment is the uncertainty of a microphone career, the almost inevitable toboggan which looms ahead

for even the foremost mike entertainers. The more popular they become, the higher their salaries, the more probable is the greased ride for the famous who are built out of mediocrity in the business offices or borrowed from stage, movies, concert or vaudeville.

Production chiefs blame it on the listening public which they say is fickle; artists say it is the fault of the business offices and the public, with the last and deciding word, insists it isn't fickle if it grows weary of stale fare on the ether waves. In this case, the public is right.

On the stage an actor may appear in half a dozen vehicles which are flops, but when he strikes a successful role, the customers flock to his production. He isn't judged by one role nor one play. In the movies a star may be seen to disadvantage in characterizations which don't suit him, but if he's important enough, the bosses hunt around for a type which will return him to favor.

When it comes to casting the radio shows, the names are important and the material seems only incidental. A sponsor signs a prominent personality, gives him a continuity which may be his microphone Waterloo and then banishes him forever to the big army of talented men and women who didn't "get across." Even when the artist clicks in a mike role for fifteen or twenty weeks they never think of changing his style until the millions of listeners are so fed-up with his stuff, they never want to hear the poor victim again.

Just because a man is a hit in a dialect characterization that goes over for one contract doesn't mean the same stuff will sell to the set owners indefinitely.

Then, too, there's the expensive experimentation with obscure talent, particularly singers of the popular-song variety. These people have a flair and a microphone technique, but many of them never show anything which warrants the terrific buildups they get from broadcast companies that have them under long contracts.

Think of the tremendous expense involved in planning a big chain's program for six months or a year—the super-exploitation of a whole group of people who will be forgotten next year. Men and women who were big broadcast draws three or four years ago can't get a program now—they were hits at first, and whose fault is it that they have been discarded? It's just as though a

movie mogul filled his studio payroll with such people as Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Crawford,



March, Howard and a half a dozen others, gave them each one role and continued casting them in the same part through half a dozen pictures, then at the end of the year let them all out and signed a new crop of players.

Is it any worse to think of Garbo playing "Queen Christina" through three pictures over a whole year than it is to saddle some of our prominent air comedians with a character that is written with dull sameness into every weekly program over a twenty-six or fifty-two weeks' contract?

It is baffling, but true, the indiscriminate sifting process which gives coveted microphone spots to scores who don't rate it, which keeps talented people off the waves, which burdens entertaining troupers with script properties no genius could put over and which allows the public to get tired of their favorites when the poor favorites can't do anything about it.

Julia Shawell

What did AL JOLSON'S

FOR the third time that Thursday evening the mightiest of all the many studios in Radio City was filled with air-wave enthusiasts. A score of spacious elevators had shot the Vallee fans down the length of the sky-scraper into its muralled foyers, and ascended groaning under the burden of the Jolson thousands. In brigades and battalions they stormed the aisles and galleries of the theatre, three thousand of the thirty million who were listening that night. No wonder Thursday is a bad evening for the play and picture people!

As always, a sprinkling of celebs frosted the mass of just-folks. Margaret Livingston, the titian-tressed movie-star bride of Paul Whiteman; Sol Wurtzel, the saturnine Sultan of Fox Films; Bert Lytell, stage and screen scion of an ancient theatrical family. These, and 2,997 more thrilled to the murmur, "Al's here!"

And, sho' nuff, the one, the only, the irrepressible Al Jolson leaped to the stage with Fairbanksian agility. All in a minute, it seemed; he waved to his audience, grinned at Bert, mimicked Whiteman, who was running his bandsmen through a bar, kidded the sponsor, and yanking a microphone into position ad-libbed a story about his fictitious Uncle from Russia, and another about a lavender-hued taxi-driver, of all things. The crowd laughed, and cheered. And Al, one eye on the clock, beamed his approval.

"You ain't heard nothin' yet!" he boomed in familiar phrase, "but, listen, folks, we'll be on the air in a minute, and I'm goin' to ask you a favor. Don't laugh or applaud in the wrong places! You know this radio thing is screwy business, and a lot of funny things happen here that the tuner-inners don't know about. Last week when I was supposed to be on a horse, a feller comes out and thumps his chest to imitate me ridin' away. Well, I almost laughed right in his face! So, no matter what happens, be quiet 'till I give you the office—then you can give it hell, and the guys outside'll know we're havin' fun!"

Suddenly everything was silent as a banker being asked for a loan, two or three mugs in different spots of the auditorium waved their arms and made faces, the baton was raised, and the haunting "Rhapsody in Blue" floated through the air to tell America, and some Canadian stations, too, that Paul Whiteman was on the air.

Then Jolson's turn came. He told a story, he sang a song, and another. Then he went into a dramatic sketch. In each he worked with all his being. That mellow voice went out, his eyes rolled, his expressive hands were never still, his knees bent as he pleaded with "Mike" as though it were "Mammy", his whole body swayed. But never for an instant did he forget the 3,000 loyal rooters who were awaiting his signal, and when the time came, he'd tip 'em a wink that in itself was sufficient to start that plaudit avalanche.

By HERB CRUIKSHANK



Radio do to FAMILY LIFE?



Jolson's career had him trouping so many years he never could call any place home but radio and Ruby made it different

Then came the commercial, with Al clowning through it in pantomime, and again he took the air to thank some fan thousands of miles away, and sing a special song for her. Eventually the hour ended, and the autograph seekers swept forward in a tidal wave of enthusiasm engulfing Al and Paul, and snatching Bert from the audience on the crest of its emotion. I managed to get Al's ear before the mob—not literally, y'understand, just in a manner of speaking.

"Say, Al, I wanta see you a minute . . . story for "Radio Mirror". . . !"

And as I was tossed back by the tide, I heard:

"Scram to the hotel . . . I'll be right over . . . gotta 'phone Ruby. . . !"

He was there when I arrived, and by the one-sided conversation I knew he had Hollywood and Ruby Keeler on the wire. Not a day passes but he calls her—and usually long-distance collects several tolls for doing its bit in the romance of Ruby and Al.

"Yes, darlin' . . ."

"No, honey. . ."

"Yes, baby. . ."

That's the way it went, and there was no doubt left but what Kid Cupid had come to Broadway and copped Al Jolson's heart. Yet, Al, Beau Broadway, himself, the Spirit of the Winter Garden, Lord of Lindy's, the Rajah of Reuben's, is no longer the ramblin' rose of the Great White Way. He's married now. And likes it. Al's very much in love.

Finally there were good-night kisses that must have made the wires warm.

"I'll call her again in a coupla hours," he said with that boyish grin, "gee, she's a swell kid!"

That wasn't news. He continued:

"That's one thing I like about radio. It gives a guy a chance to be home. I don't believe in these trans-continental marriages. Nix, not for Ruby and me. That's why we got the house in Westchester. We'll be together there. I'll come in and do a broadcast and we can be home by midnight. Can't do that in the theatre. And the movies—well—you see how it is. I'm here—she's out there in Hollywood.

"I don't want her to make any more pictures. She doesn't either. This'll be her last one. After that it'll be radio for both of us. Of course, maybe we'll change our minds. (Continued on page 69)

Leisure, home and a nursery are what Ruby and Al want and they'll get it



BY MERCURY



● Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, old stage favorites who have found a new niche in Ward's Family Theatre

IT'S the good old summer time in the studios, all right. Sponsors usually heard moaning the hot weather blues are singing another song these days and are as keen to exploit their wares on the wireless as in mid-season. Result is the air castles are ahum with activity and everybody is buzzing about like flies around a molasses barrel. Even the sustaining artists are getting their share of sugar for they escaped the customary seasonal clip in salaries.

Clackety-clack-clack goes the teletype machine. We must see what the grapevine gossip is. WHAT ENTERTAINER, WHOSE NAME IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD, HAS GONE IN FOR NUDISM IN A BIG WAY?, it asks in caps. Well, Mercury could guess and wouldn't guess

Eddie Cantor either, even though he did appear before a studio audience last winter in nothing but a loin cloth.

The machinery whirls again. A CERTAIN SONGBIRD IS SPORTING A \$10,000. BRACELET, THE GIFT OF AN ADORING ADVERTISING AGENCY EXECUTIVE, it says. Humph, the teletype is falling behind with the news. Mercury knows for a fact he also gave her an imported car with an imported French Chauffeur to run it. Of course, he may only have placed them at her disposal but, any way, she's using them and that amounts to the same thing.

There goes the teletype again. WHY DID THAT HANDSOME ANNOUNCER GET A PISTOL PERMIT, it

queries. But before we can think of an answer it goes on: WAS IT BECAUSE HIS LIFE WAS THREATENED BY AN IRATE HUBAND OR DOES HE FEAR STICK-UP MEN WHEN HE GOES HOME LATE AT NIGHT TO JACKSON HEIGHTS AS HE TOLD THE POLICE? Well, Mr. Teletype Operator, your guess is as good as Mercury's and we'll now forget the tantalizing ticker tape and go on to other things.

* * *

Moisture gathered in the eyes of Groucho Marx as he read an appealing note from a Bronx mother: "Please, Mr. Marx," she begged, "won't you come up to my house and say funny things to my boy? He's awfully sick but the doctor says your visit would help him. He just worships

you." His heart touched, Groucho's impulse was to go Bronxward without delay. But he didn't dare—his own two children were ill with the whooping cough and he might carry contagion to this already sick little boy. So he did the next best thing. He summons Eddie Garr, the mimic, handed him his trick mustache and sent him up to that boy's house. Garr spent two hours impersonating Groucho at the bedside of the youngster who never suspected his hero wasn't there in person.

* * *

Since Joe Penner, capitalizing his radio popularity, displayed sensational drawing power at theatre box offices, no vaudeville or movie house program is complete without one or more ether entertainers on the bill. The way things are going is demonstrated by the record made one week recently by one circuit when thirty air favorites were distributed on the stages of Loew's. Among the artists were: John Fogarty, Richard Himber and orchestra, James Wallington, the Pickens Sisters, Borrah Minnevitich and his Harmonica Rascals, Do Re Mi Trio, Sisters of the Skillett, Tony Wons, Phil Cook, Charles Car-lile, Jimmy Durante, Harry Rose, Eddie Peabody, George Hall and orchestra, Gypsy Nina and Tito Guizar.

* * *

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Shirley Howard says she is interested in sports—but not enough to marry one. . . . Freddie Rich, the band man, and Jack Pearl, the Baron, are cousins. . . . Jessica Dragonette is saving something for a rainy day—and it isn't a raincoat, either. She lives on 10 per cent of her salary and banks the balance. . . . (Continued on page 64)



● The Three Scamps broadcast their unique vocal and instrumental arrangements seven times weekly over the NBC

HOT
and
AIRY

News when
it's hot, gossip
while it's new, as
Mercury tells it

I'm Married to **FRED**

PEOPLE told me some years ago when I decided to marry Fred and spend the rest of my life laughing, that they rather envied me for my prospects of being perpetually close to a man with a keen sense of humor. I won't go so far as to say that I have spent all my years of wedded bliss with Fred Allen in an attitude of merriment, but I will venture to say that I could have had no more interesting experience of any kind, matrimonially speaking, than the experience of being the wife of a man who is, to quote an old phrase, "a servant of the public". Fred does not make me a victim of his jokes and I suppose that I ought to thank him for that. It must be pretty terrible to be the wife of a practical joker.

But the charming thing about being the wife of Fred Allen is that I do get a lot of laughs out of the every day occurrences which confront married couples. Sometimes they are pointed a little more sharply as far as humor is concerned by the gift my husband has of using "dry wit".

Fred really is not very anxious to be a comedian of the stage or the air or anything. And I suppose that is why his humor in his private life is charming. He never makes a tremendous effort to be funny and the funny ideas simply roll out in the course of his ordinary conversation. That provides a certain thrill for me because I never know what he is going to say next.

I have heard of wives who say that they like the kind of a husband who keeps them perpetually interested, keeps them on the *qui vive*, not knowing what they are going to

do next. Personally, I believe it is a little bit more exciting to be married to a man who has such a fund of ingenuity with words that you never know what he is going to *say* next.

After all, if you never know what a husband is going to *do* next, what he does next may resolve itself into a night away from home. But if his originality is confined entirely to conversation, it is apt to be the sort that keeps him at home nights instead of running around where one cannot keep a wifely finger on him.

When I said a little while back that Fred was not anxious to be a comedian I believe I spoke a very true word. I share his belief, which is that he was never really cut out for a comedian. My husband is essentially a reader and a scholar and I believe that he would prefer reading and writing to getting up and entertaining people by making funny remarks about whatever comes into his mind.

There was a time, when Fred attained his first success on the stage, that we went out a great deal and we had a good time doing it, but in the recent years Fred has become more and more of a retiring person. The "quiet little evenings at home" which are supposed to be the ideal for married couples are something besides an ideal for us. They are more or less of a regular reality.

Most people on the stage who are constantly trying to think up new ways of making a living thereby are haunted continually by the spectre of approaching unpopularity.

Fred worries a little about the time when he will seem no longer funny to his public,

but he worries about it in a rather calm, restrained fashion, and, although I could hardly say that he is a confirmed optimist, I do not believe he ever gets considerably upset about what may happen to him year after next. He works very hard at the task at hand and I suppose that has an awful lot to do with his success on the radio. For a comedian, Fred takes his work, it seems to me, very seriously.

One of my friends who frequently writes me from a distant city, seems to think New York is the hub of everything and that anybody who lives in it ought to have a very exciting time. She probably was very much surprised when I wrote her a letter not so long ago telling her the truth about the Private Lives of the Allens. New York in a sense is an exciting place, and being the wife of a radio performer and performing myself, as I do, probably seems exciting to people who have no part in it. But the fact of the matter is, Fred and I live about as monotonously and quietly as two people could possibly live in a small town. We seem to be very much left to ourselves in this city of eight million people. This is not because we are neglected, but from

● Fred Allen writes all his own
Broadcast programs
provides the gags
and collects!



ALLEN

strictly a standpoint of personal choice.

For instance, this is about an average day in our lives.

We get up at a reasonably early hour, and, if Fred has time that day and is not harassed by the worries of preparing a program for the following week, he usually leaves the hotel rather early and goes to the gymnasium where he spends an hour or two in what I imagine is rather violent exercise, because he comes home quite fagged out and tired after the experience.

Then we usually have lunch and after lunch Fred is sure to have something to do about his imminent radio program. An afternoon passes in which Fred is writing and I am sewing, or both of us are reading, I for amusement and Fred with the idea of keeping up on the times so that he can find material about which to say funny things. In the late afternoon we usually try to have a walk downtown or around the park to get the air, and then we have dinner along about half past six.

Usually I am the one who suggests going out to a theatre or moving picture show and if Fred happens to be in the mood he may rise to the suggestion and consider the idea a good one. But it is rather rare that these moods are on my husband. He usually prefers to sit at home at night reading a book and I find that, after the temporary disappointment of not going out for the evening has passed, I am enjoying myself too.

In answer to the question I am asked many times, which is whether a comedian is difficult to live with, either because he cracks too many jokes or because, as sophisticated people have learned, some humorous men in public prove to be very unhumorous in their private lives, that is really not true of my husband. I feel that he views most things with an increasing calm. And yet he is never dull. What better combination could you ask?

As for the little difficulties which wives find in pleasing their husbands, in regard to the general management of the home, I can say this one thing without fear of contradiction. Fred Allen seems to like everything that I cook, not merely to the extent of eating it without complaint, but to the extent of eating it with many exclamations of enthusiasm. I think that is a real tribute to the restraint with which Fred Allen governs his private life, because I have never considered myself a good cook. (Continued on page 80)



● Pretty Portland Hoffa in a serene moment of her happy marriage to Fred Allen

Mrs. Fred Allen, wife, radio stooge and confidential secretary to the popular comedian, tells RADIO MIRROR readers what it's like to be married to a man whose job is to make the listening-in world laugh

BY PORTLAND HOFFA

THE Beautiful



Beginning the thrilling drama of fame-building behind the microphones where a jobless vaudeville comedian became a national favorite and fate juggled the loves and fortunes of a radio star

TOBY MALONE, who did songs and funny sayings before this radio fad ruined vaudeville, had a dollar and a yen for onion soup. At the corner of Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue he gazed east toward Fifth and tried to decide just what little restaurant would have the best onion soup and sufficient additional food to make it worth while.

Toby wasn't a conspicuous figure in the Broadway area. His clothes fitted too well and were just a little too vivid but that wasn't unusual on Broadway. He did have a nice grin on a somewhat comic face. He thought rather well of himself and of his appearance but that was quite traditional.

Fifty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, if you know your Manhattan, is a street of many little restaurants. Before a certain national event known as Repeal, there were more speakeasies on this particular block than any other in mid-Manhattan. Came the time of licensed liquor and the speaks became restaurants. Food remained good and liquor became cheaper.

The sign in front of a cozy little basement place caught Toby's eye.

"Le Pierrot" it said. It sounded French and onion soupish. The absence of a

STOOGE

BY PETER DIXON



Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

● "Professor!" Toby wailed. "She ain't in the business. She ain't an actress . . . why . . . why . . . she'll ruin everything. . . ."

door man, to Toby's seasoned judgment, meant a table d'hôte meal at less than a dollar. Probably sixty or seventy-five cents which left enough for a tip and possibly a cigar.

Toby wanted to think. And he knew he could think better with a good meal in front of him than at a quick lunch counter.

Suddenly he remembered his laundry. It would cost at least eighty cents to get it and the shirt he was wearing just wouldn't do another day. His dollar was silver. He took it from his pocket, enjoyed the weight of it, and flipped it carefully.

"Heads, onion soup. Tails, clean shirt," he told himself. It was tails.

"Two out of three," said Toby to himself. Tails again.

"But," Toby argued with himself, "if I look hungry I'll never get a job—and maybe I can wash out this shirt tonight."

Straightening his tie, he entered Le Pierrot. It was a cozy place. It had all the intimate charm of the old-fashioned speakeasy though a legal liquor license was displayed prominently over the bar. Toby selected a table in a corner and glanced quickly at the menu. There was onion soup and the luncheon was sixty cents.

A waitress—a very pretty girl with red hair, took his order.

"Toots," said Toby, "Bring me some onion soup—"

"Mrs. Toots to you!" said the waitress, firmly and without any indication that this was just a conversational opening.

Toby looked at her intently. (Continued on page 59)

P O N S

Broadcasts to

● Rosa Ponselle has the most gorgeous operatic soprano voice, and she knows how to be humanly appealing as her programs show



THE reason why Rosa Ponselle is broadcasting has less to do with business matters than you might suppose. It has more to do with a round-eyed little girl who used to sit on a neighbor's doorstep, in a small Connecticut city, while the other kids ran around and whooped it up. She sat there, apparently lonely, yet lifted far above any feeling of aloneness, because that neighbor owned a phonograph. It was a cheap, tinny affair at best, but it sent out music . . . operatic arias, Italian folk-songs, the glorious voices of Melba and Caruso. And the wide-eyed child stayed on there, hours at a time, transported, drinking in the one thing that meant completeness to her.

That was the little girl Rosa Ponselle used to be. She listened to the neighbor's phonograph, because her parents were too poor to buy an instrument of their own. That's why radio broadcasting means something more than just radio broadcasting to Rosa today. It means the miracle of catching up with the past. It means sending out music to millions of people all over the country, in cities, towns, villages, and farms, who, like her former self, thrill to it, and might never get it otherwise. These are the people she is singing to, and back of them all is that little girl who sat listening on her neighbor's doorstep.

That sort of feeling gives you the key to the character of the small-town girl who has become America's foremost prima donna. She feels deeply. She isn't ashamed of sentiment. She isn't ashamed of having been poor. She is President of the I-Knew-Her-When Club herself, and pops out at the most unexpected moments with anecdotes about the days when a new dress was something to be dreamed of for weeks. She doesn't look upon this broadcasting as a job, but as an opportunity . . . a chance to give plain people, like herself, the sort of thing that would have meant supreme rapture to her, back in the old days. She tells you that the greatest advancement of this age lies in the fact that just plain folks can get the best sort of musical entertainment, absolutely free!

If you had to describe Rosa Ponselle in one word, you would choose the word BIG. I'm not talking about her glamorous public position, and I'm not talking about her physique. She happens to be tall and stately, with the broad, noble proportions of a Greek statue. But the sort of bigness I mean has to do with other things. She is big of heart. Big of mind. Capable of big efforts and big enthusiasms. Somehow, you don't think of her as just another prima donna. There's something rather gallant about the fight she has had to make.

It began in the small city of Meriden, Connecticut, where she was born, the child of Italian parents. The family's real name is Ponzillo. Always tall for her age, and endowed with a tremendous fund of magnetic energy, Rosa was something of a tomboy kid. But one thing could lure her away from the most entrancing games. That was music. In the true Italian tradition, she has been surrounded by music from birth. In a home like the Ponzillos' one just naturally sang. You sang when you were happy, to show that you were; you sang when things didn't go quite so well, to charm yourself into a rosier frame of mind. Rosa sang while she helped her mother around the house, and she sang to her father, when he came home from business at night. She could play piano before she was big enough to reach the keys sitting down. She would stand up before it, playing by ear anything she was asked for. She sang in the choir at church, and the organist, sensing unusual talent, gave her her first serious music lessons. When she was confirmed, she chose

B Y R O S E

MELBA

Plain Folks

● Glamorous Rosa, garbed romantically for one of her Metropolitan roles, sings on the radio to people who like to hear plain songs, too

Melba as her middle name! And, of course, there was that neighbor's doorstep that could win Rosa Melba away from any play.

When she was but thirteen, her father met with serious financial reverses. The sunny, care-free home life was darkened by the black cloud of worry about the bare necessities of life. Rosa, just awakening to a young girl's feeling for pretty clothes and gaiety, found she was lucky to have three square meals a day! Help was urgently needed, and Rosa determined to add her thirteen-year-old efforts to the task of balancing the family budget. All she could do was sing, so she promptly got herself a job, in a Meriden movie house, singing illustrated songs, between pictures. She earned twelve dollars and a half a week . . . which she religiously carried home to her mother, telling her to use it, "just like Dad's money". The entire Ponzillo family turned out in pride on Saturday nights, to hear her. It was just too overwhelming to see people come crowding in, paying down real money, to hear "Rosie" sing! A few months later, she was offered the sumptuous amount of fifteen dollars a week, by a rival picture house. It was a tremendous feeling, to win a "raise" entirely on your own merits! Rosa now bought herself a new plume for her hat, without deducting a penny from the regular amount she brought home to her mother.

After a short time of this work, Rosa and her sister Carmela (now an operatic star in her own right) toured in vaudeville as The Ponzillo Sisters. You may remember them. They worked hard, for by this time they had a definite purpose in mind. Whatever money could be spared from the family living expenses, they set aside for serious music study.

Almost as soon as Rosa began her vocal studies, word spread around the studios that a new "find" had appeared, and the great Enrico Caruso himself listened to her sing. Enchanted with her voice, he predicted that within a few years, this girl would be singing at the Metropolitan Opera. Caruso was not a perfect prophet. "The 'few years'" turned out to be exactly six months. While her music lessons could still be counted in weeks, Rosa was given an audition at the Metropolitan Opera.

Now, an audition at the glamorous "Met" is something to remember. The vast auditorium is dark and still. Not a thing to be seen, not a sound to be heard, not a breath of motion . . . except, perhaps, the whirring of the shades of those who once held sway there, Melba, De Reszke, Plançon. And the young candidate steps out on that huge block-long stage, knowing that somewhere in the black pit before him, sits General Manager Gatti-Casazza, listening appraisingly to the best he can do. Rosa walked out on that great empty stage, and looked out into the immense obscurity, and knew it was now or never. Before she left the Opera House, she had been asked to sign on the dotted line, to sing with the world's leading opera company. Mr. Gatti suggested that she change her name to Ponselle, for the sake of euphony. Ponselle, of the Metropolitan Opera. Ponselle of the Metropolitan had never sung in opera before, and had only such stage experience as can be gleaned from a vaudeville turn.

When she got home, she fainted from sheer rapture. Then, when the first dazzling thrill had subsided enough to make straight thinking possible again (it has never completely subsided to this day, Miss Ponselle assures you), she wanted to run away. How could she ever, in six short months, learn enough to step into line with the experienced, world-famed (Continued on page 79)



H E Y L B U T

WHEN THEY

Cross

IT was in one of those night clubs, a favorite rendezvous of the New York phalanx of radio's radio celebrities and Morton Downey, lately returned from a road tour was yarning. His stock of yarns is limitless, but the tales he loves most to tell are those which, doubtless, he has heard from his parents and grandparents. They are horrendous stories of the "Little Folk" of Ireland, fairies, gnomes, death wailers and banshees, to say nothing of witches and werewolves and other creatures which go to make up the menagerie of myths of Medieval Europe. The tales are at once naive and horrible, and though you shudder while they are being told, you chuckle when you move outside the spell of the narrator.

That's what all of the listeners on this evening did—they not only chuckled, but they laughed.

Banshees! werewolves. Family curses! Luck charms, exorcism of evil spirits!

I asked Jack Benny: "Don't you believe in these things—or any of them?"

"Ha!" he grinned. "They are mere superstitions. You ought to be ashamed to ask anybody who lives in this enlightened age a question like that."

"It's past midnight," I reminded him. He glanced at his wrist watch.

"So it is," he agreed. "And ugh! It's—it's Friday the 13th. Well, I guess I had better be getting along before I encounter some bad luck."

I found out later from Mrs. Benny, who is, as you know, Mary Livingstone, that Jack's first act on getting into the apartment was to scrutinize his socks. He firmly believes that to wear socks with even the tiniest hole in them—except the hole in which you put your feet, of course—portends disaster, so far as his professional work is concerned. He has found holes twice—and both times, he had contract trouble. And if you enter the Benny home, or a Benny dressing room and toss your hat on the bed—well, the safest thing to do is to get out at once, before either one, or both of the Bennys throw you out, for every actor knows that a hat on the bed brings bad luck. But Banshees? Hm!—I ought to be ashamed!

Jack Pearl isn't superstitious—much. If you want to give Jack a headache and a bad day, just precede him in a hotel lobby, or on the street, surreptitiously, of course, and scatter some loose pins around. If Jack sees a pin on the street, or on the floor, and fails to pick it up, regardless of the direction it is pointed in, well, the Pearl family will be in danger of something terrible, perhaps a plague; maybe infantile paralysis, or just a simple case of Chinese leprosy. None of these things is possible, of course, because Jack will pick up every pin. So if you are generous enough with your scattering, you can keep Jack busy indefinitely.

Ethel Shutta is a modern gal. No silly superstitions in her life. No sir! Strange that there shouldn't be, because she comes of theatrical stock, where superstitions abound. But not Ethel. But sometime, try visiting her, and then accidentally upset a can of toilet powder, or any kind of powder. It isn't the loss of the powder that troubles Ethel, but somehow, she just can't get over the idea that if you spill powder, well, she's not superstitious, but people do say that spilled powder means the end of your entertaining career. So don't waste your time relating any of those fairy stories to Ethel.

Those Saxon Sisters are new to radio. "And," they will tell you, "we haven't had time to absorb the superstitions so commonly associated with the radio business." But they laugh with great glee if a black cat crosses their path. It means luck. Good luck. But if all of the girls go out for a walk, or a ride, and two

Want to give Paul Whiteman the jitters? Make Jack Benny blue? Keep Phil Harris awake nights? Then read about their superstitions, hunches, fears, peeves and aversions



● Phil Duey can't drink coffee before 10 A.M., it means bad luck; Peggy Healy (above) watches for ill omens when she's traveling; Mary McCoy (right) is scared if she drops her bag early in the day and Jack Pearl is always picking up pins.

By **MIKE PORTER**

THEIR FINGERS



of them are wearing the same color, it means the loss of a job, an arm or an eye, or maybe a toothache. Anyhow, it's bad luck.

And if you want to give Paul Whiteman the jitters for a whole week, just bribe or otherwise induce one of his musicians to drop an instrument on the bandstand. You may have to buy a new instrument for the lad, but you will have the satisfaction of conjuring up Paul's pet jinx, for a dropped instrument means a dropped contract, or at the very least, a mutiny in the outfit. Steal one of the long ear-rings of Ramona Davies, the Whiteman pianist and singer, and Ramona won't venture out of the house for two days, even though it means her job. She lost an ear-ring once, and that's how she didn't go on playing



piano in the old Don Bestor orchestra, or so they say.

Charles Winniger, the Cap'n Henry of "Showboat," takes his omens benevolently. Of course, a hat on the bed and finding a rusty pin pointed at you are symbols of misfortune, but if there's a lot of slips during a rehearsal, the final show will turn out perfectly. Well, every actor will tell you that a perfect rehearsal probably means a closed show.

Every time they get a haircut means slowing up their careers to Harry Horlick, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, Dave Rubinoff and Phil Spitalny. Their long hair (though Rubinoff's is not so long nowadays) —is not induced by fiddling.

Phil Harris, the basso (*Continued on page 78*)

MEET the WIFE!

LAURENCE TIBBETT. Phil Duey. Tito Guizar. Little Jack Little. Frank Crumit. Seth Parker. Whoever your favorite radio king, nine chances out of ten, behind the story of his success is a dramatic tale of the unselfish devotion and hard work of his wife.

No applause rings in her ears. No enthusiastic fans greet her on the street. Yet she is the real power behind the throne.

There are wives who have sacrificed their own successful careers so that their husbands' star might shine the brighter. There have been wives who have undertaken the double burden of housework and an outside job, to give their young, talented mates a helping hand on the way up. There have been wives who have subordinated themselves entirely to their husbands' needs. And there have been radio wives who became career women because their men needed their help and presence to conquer the little black mike.

Do you remember when Tito Guizar, the Mexican Troubadour, first went on the air for the Venida Hair Net people? We were thrilled by his warm, emotional Spanish melodies, so different from our Tin Pan Alley numbers.

But in a short time their glamor wore off. We tired of listening to Spanish songs whose words were Greek to us. Couldn't he sing some English tunes? What was the matter with "Love's Old Sweet Song", or "Just A-Wearyin' for You"? Hundreds of fans requested their favorites. The result was his sponsors wanted to take Tito off the air.

It took his lovely, dark-eyed Carmen, soft-spoken but determined, to straighten matters out. She argued with her husband's sponsors till they agreed to keep him a little longer. If it was English songs her Tito had to sing, sing them he would. And promptly. She guaranteed that. She broke up the words of each English song into phonetic syllables. She spent weary hours teaching him simple exercises; how to say cat, dog, boy—as if he were a four-year old. She sat in at rehearsals, correcting his pronunciation, over and over.

That wasn't all. When he was to sing a popular number, she took Tito bodily to the publisher and begged and pleaded till he listened to her husband's rendition. When the publisher approved, she knew Tito could face the radio audience. As a result, his Venida Hair Net contract lasted a full year and Tito Guizar is still on the air.

When Phil Duey and his young bride, Catherine Sroufe Duey, came to New York from Macy, Indiana, they had high hopes and nothing else. As childhood sweethearts they had played and worked together. They had built rosy dreams of the day when Phil's ship would come in, when he would startle the world with his gorgeous baritone voice. It would bring them fame and fortune.

But now, well; what they needed was bread and butter. Phil got a job as night clerk in a hotel; during the day he went to the Juilliard School of Music. Catherine wasn't going to sit home while he slaved. She wanted her Phil to have the best of teachers. She went right out and got a job in a bookshop, selling. The extra money she earned enabled Phil to get special lessons from well-known voice teachers, like Sophie Breslau. Today Phil is a successful singer with several commercial programs on the air.



● Phil Duey at home with his charming wife, Catherine and their two children, Jimmie, five and Barbara Nell, three

Perhaps you remember the rumors about Little Jack Little a year ago? He was going to the dogs. Success had gone to his head. The hours he should have spent in sleep were spent going the rounds of night clubs. During the day he was too tired to rehearse; too busy getting over last night's hangover, to pay attention to his work. His voice began to get hoarse; his piano-playing sounded strained; no new song hits came from his gifted pen.

His wife's remonstrance was to no avail. She was a swell girl, but what did she know of how to act to keep one's place in the radio sun? Little Jack Little had gone success mad. Something drastic had to be done. And Tea did it.

One morning when he came home, bleary-eyed and tired; she played her trump card. Her bags were packed; she was

leaving him. Abruptly, Jack sobered up. How could he ever get along without her love and devotion? Without her advice in business matters, for she is the practical one in the family? Despite her fragile, clinging-vine, brunette loveliness, Tea is a shrewd business woman.

It dawned on Jack 'Little that he'd been a sap. He and Tea made a compact then and there, to which they have stuck; he devotes himself to his music; she manages the business end of the job. Today he is decidedly *not* buried in the oblivion which has overtaken loads of radio performers who didn't learn.

● A beautiful wife and adorable baby are the reasons Tito Guizar rushes home



● When Seth Parker goes far places, his wife and children, wait patiently at home

There are some wives who have actually forced their husbands on the air, like Julia Sanderson, one half of the famous Sanderson-Crumit team, which sings love duets. They met and married while both were musical comedy stars, a decade ago. A few years ago, they built their lovely home, Dunrovin', at Longmeadow, Mass., and settled down to a life of rural bliss. Their tramping days were over.

Frank got a job selling bonds. Julia fussed around her home; weeded the garden; played bridge afternoons and gossiped with the neighbors. For a time, it was a blessed relief, from the strain of stage life. Then she grew restless. The gossip and bridge that filled her friends' lives were not enough for her.

It dawned on her that she and Frank could make a go of radio. They had sung together in musical comedy; they had made victrola records together.

But Frank couldn't see it. He was making plenty of money. He had a lovely home. A charming wife. Why undertake something new? He couldn't see them back at the old grind of endless rehearsals and performances.

"There's not an ounce of guile in her make-up," you'd say, if you saw Julia Sanderson's blond, doll-like prettiness. But you'd be all wrong. She refused to take no for an answer from Frank. Down to the studio she went one fine day, armed with several of their victrola records, as samples. She arranged for an audition for the two of them, to sing some of their old favorite duets together.

Then she broke the news to Frank. He couldn't disappoint her. He wouldn't muff her chance. Protesting every inch of the way, Frank Crumit went down to the broadcasting studio. They both clicked.

We all tune in eagerly to listen to the Seth Parker round-the-world cruise, captained by Seth Parker, in real life Phillips H. Lord. His dream of adventure would never have been realized—in fact, he would never have appeared on the air—had it not been for his wife, Sophia Mecorney Lord, the Lizzie Peters of his Sunday Evenings at Seth Parker's broadcasts.

She urged Phillips to give up his position as high school principal and risk the perils of a free-lance writer. That was six years ago. And she knew she expected a baby when she gave this advice. Her husband disliked teaching; he had always wanted to write.

She realized that once the baby came, he would be caught for life in a job he didn't like. Now was the time for him to take a chance. He followed her advice. I don't have to tell you that. (Continued on page 80)



● Many a famous radio star can thank the little woman for his success. Here's a bow to the radio wives who were silent partners in the microphone struggles and who deserve some of the applause their popular husbands receive for their broadcast entertainment

THE Famous ARE

ATTENTION, radio! Your public speaking:
 "If the adverse votes of one hundred auditors could put a program off the air, in a month every station would be silent as the grave!"

What do you think of that? And there's more!

For instance:

"Opera on the air is a failure."

"The studio audience hurts the entertainment value for the unseen listener."

"There are all too many cheap performers and performances."

"Program-makers pay too much attention to the opinions of newspaper radio critics."

"Aerial drama is still in search of a form."

"Sponsors should be limited to talent selected from a bill of fare previously endorsed by jury."

These remarks are samples of sentiments about our youngest lively art which will be expressed more fully herein by four assorted laymen: John Sloan, Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, Will Irwin and Miss Lena Madelin Phillips.

When I made up my list with the idea of trying to get a cross-section of honest, intelligent lay opinion on radio I was prepared to find that at least one or two of my selections would refuse to talk on any such theme. I never dared hope for a moment that as later turned out, all would be members in enthusiastic good standing of the Tuners-In Club. And it was really beyond belief that each should say as each did in almost the same words: "I'm *for* radio!"

It all goes to show the change in the popular estimate

of broadcasting. Five years ago it was only a name to these men and women. Now they are air fans.

Not uncritical fans, of course. That is natural. Radio's best friends, unlike those timorous ones in the advertisement, are ever eager to point out the infant art's shortcomings.

And the infant art, I may add, for the most part takes such blows gallantly on the chin, as I hope it will do today.

Now, as announcer for this symposium, may I first present Mr. John Sloan, internationally-known artist and president of the Society of Independent Artists, who will speak to you from his Washington Square studio, a great, tall-ceilinged, sky-lighted room, with walls covered with paintings. Mr. Sloan is a delightful little man in a flannel shirt and flaring green corduroy trousers. He has iron-gray hair, keen eyes, and a lovely sense of humor. He held out for years against radio, but finally, because he wanted to hear Al Smith's speeches, succumbed and now wouldn't be without his receiving set. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Sloan is on the air:

"The radio listener (says he) reminds me of a hungry tramp hanging about the garbage can of a careless cook. The tramp knows that what is thrown away is mostly garbage, but once in a while something good slips by the careless cook, and he is rewarded for waiting.

"Even at that, what one man finds good, another turns from disgustedly. In fact, if one hundred votes

● Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, wife of a famous man and herself one of the prominent De Acosta beauties, tells what she thinks of air programs

● Will Irwin, popular writer and lecturer has taken the air himself and tells why he and his wife, Inez Haynes Irwin, also a novelist, tune in regularly



FANS TOO

Men and women famous in their own fields are among the millions who tune in daily and tell here how they react to what comes over the air



● Miss Lena Madelin Phillips, lawyer and feminist leader, tells what she thinks is wrong with some of the programs she's heard on the air

● John Sloan, well-known artist, has his own definite opinions on what he likes and what he doesn't like in the way of etherizing when he tunes in



could put any given program off the air, in a month there wouldn't be one left on. On the other hand, no program is so bad but that it couldn't get a hundred votes to keep it on. This variation in tastes is, I take it, the reason for some of the programs that the more fastidious deplore.

"Almost the worst thing about broadcasting is the way the voices sound. The longer you listen, of course, the less you notice this. People who go to talking pictures a great deal also lose their sense of what the human voice should be like normally. I've been to only four in my life and I get the same shock each time. With all the improvements the actors are still talking in a barrel. The same may be said of radio performers.

"Then there's the radio commission for whom I have a few sharp words. It believes, apparently, that a station with plenty of advertising is worth more than one without

any. That is preposterous, since it leaves the choice of our programs up to business men. And if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, what about Father Coughlin, whose popularity is certainly greater than that of anybody on a sponsored program?

"No, the sponsor's taste isn't infallible enough yet for us to be willing to let him dictate what we shall hear. It would seem desirable, indeed to have ingredients for all programs passed on first by a competent jury. Then each sponsor could be offered an approved bill of fare from which to choose items. The newspaper critic is another whose opinion is too respectfully treated. After all, why should his word be law?

"The studio audience is another of my grievances. Its laughter makes the listener conscious that he can't see what is going on and he feels cheated.

"But while in general I am for suppression of studio audiences, I make an exception in the case of speakers. A speech-maker should have something to talk to even if it's only his mother's picture.

"But I do not mean to say harsh things only. I like a lot of programs—Stoopnagle (Continued on page 63)

BY MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

Do you know the **REAL**



• Rubinoff is a master musician as well as the butt of Cantor's wit and he's here directing his orchestra for a Warner picture, with Jean Sargent, blues singer, decorating the piano

IT was a gala night in the grill of the elaborate Hotel Roosevelt. Eddie Cantor was there with the world renowned but rarely seen Ida, Joe Penner was there, and so were Jimmy Wallington, Sophie Tucker, Paul Whiteman, and a host of luminaries from radio, stage, and screen gathered to see Rubinoff and his new dance orchestra open the hotel grill.

Eddie Cantor stood on the dais, and made a little speech. "To promote world harmony, President Roosevelt recognized Russia; to promote harmony right in this room, the Hotel Roosevelt recognized Rubinoff."

The crowd applauded paying tribute not only to the *bon mot* but the bandmaster, the dynamic Rubinoff whose success reads like a Horatio Alger dime thriller.

Later, sipping cool drinks at a table on the grill floor, Eddie, Ida, and Jimmy congratulated Rubinoff on his successful opening.

"Eddie," said Rubinoff, "that was a swell send-off you gave me, and I'm grateful but don't you think that at an occasion like this, when everybody is kidding around and having a good time, some of your usual wise-cracks wouldn't

have been more appropriate?" And Cantor nearly collapsed!

"So help me heaven," said Eddie, his eyes wide as saucers, "this Rubinoff is dizzy. For the first time in my life I say something nice about him and he doesn't believe me. He always looks for a gag even at his own expense."

That in a measure, explains Rubinoff's reaction to Eddie Cantor's frolic. He breaks into a paroxysm of laughter when Eddie hits the mark. He even repeats the witticisms to his friends. He takes a similar attitude when Eddie directs the barbs at him, for Rubinoff is showman enough to know that it is all in a spirit of fun. For there is a sense of humor in Rubinoff, a humor that is not only mirrored in his conversation—but evident in his music.

Rubinoff loves fun. He loves hilarity and gaiety. It means so much to him because of the years of suffering and privation during which tears were his lot more often than smiles. He revels today in the vicarious thrill of a comedian when mere mention of his name by Eddie Cantor causes a mirth-quake in the broadcasting studio—and in millions of homes.

So few people know the real Dave Rubinoff, the Rubinoff

B Y D M I T R I O R L O F F

RUBINOFF?



● Russian Rubinoff is an interesting man as well as a wonderful musician

● Rubinoff worships his mother, and she thinks he's just too grand

who was born in a cellar in the town of Grodno, Russia, in 1897, and who today has his office on the 29th floor of a modern sky-scraper; the Rubinoff who took his first violin lesson on a three rouble instrument (worth \$1.50) and who today plays a Stradivarius insured for \$100,000.

One of seven children, the now famous violinist faced a struggle for existence almost from the moment he was born. To feed the clamoring horde of hungry mouths, father Rubinoff worked in a tobacco factory during the day and drove a horse cab at night. Mother Rubinoff tried hard to augment the family earnings by operating a laundry mangle in the cellar that was home, workshop, and laundry rolled into one.

Genius will grow, if need be, like a weed between the flagstones of a prison courtyard. Despite the poverty and squalor of his background, despite the initial objections of his father, who held that music was no occupation for a respectable man, the musical talent of (Continued on page 77)

I SPEAK FOR MY

by Kate

Third and last installment of the intimate, revealing life story Kate Smith, the songbird of the South, tells on herself exclusively for RADIO MIRROR



I STARTED regular broadcasting in January of 1931, stepping into Morton Downey's seven o'clock "spot" on CBS. This occurred shortly after Ted Collins took me under his management. Ted suggested as an accompanist a young man who had done some vocal recording for Columbia Records, but who had lost his fine baritone voice through persistent laryngitis—Jack Miller.

Jack, an excellent pianist and sympathetic accompanist on account of his own experience as a singer, worked hard with me rehearsing songs. Ted stood by and listened critically, offering an occasional quiet suggestion.

In the meantime, we searched for a theme song. Music publishers combed their shelves for promising manuscripts. Somehow, none of them seemed just right.

Finally, among those Jack played for me, I lingered over a simple mountain ballad. Ted informed me that it had been shelved in the publishing house for eight years, copyrighted but unpublished. Jack changed the melody slightly to suit me, and I wrote the lyrics.

We tried it out on our first broadcast, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain". It proved to be one of the best sellers in the history of Tin Pan Alley!

I shall never forget my first broadcast, because I had throughout those fifteen minutes a feeling of absolute confidence and happiness—at last I was in my element! I missed, slightly, the familiar "pull" from my theater audience, but I tried to picture my family and friends in Washington who miles away were gathered around comfortably in their own living rooms to hear me sing to them.

Ted stood in the control room, nodding to me reassuringly, and so completely did I trust his judgment, that I felt if I satisfied him I was doing all right.

However, the event which turned my heart over wholesale to radio was the arrival of my first batch of fan mail. The letters were postmarked from towns all over the country, and it was a thrill to know that my voice had reached them and that they liked me. How different from the grudging hand-clapping of the Broadway audience! These letters were warm, friendly—made me feel necessary! They told me intimate details about themselves, and made me feel that they would be waiting for me and listening in when I returned to the air again. After that, I made my own announcements on the air, and picturing these encouraging new friends of mine, I felt that I could talk to them informally and was quite at home on the radio.

An enthusiasm, earnestness and thrill in my work crowded out my previous homesickness and unhappiness in New York. Although the footlights had seemed a feverish life of make-believe, professional jealousies and continuous battle for phantom fame—radio seemed to me to be doing an important and worth-while job—bringing entertainment,

not only to Manhattan fun-seekers, but to shut-ins in hospital beds, and folks way out in farmhouses far from Forty-Second Street.

My heart and my sympathy im-

● Meet Ted Collins, the man behind Kate Smith's radio success

SELF

Smith

mediately went out to the forgotten invalids in veterans' hospitals. As a child I had seen those very boys marching around Washington in khaki—heroes. I had sung for them in those days when, along with the rest of the world, I was doing my best to show appreciation for their patriotism. Over a decade later, I sang to them again on the radio, when the tragic consequences of their patriotism had been forgotten by the bustling world. Their letters to me were a great inspiration, and made me feel almost as if I were singing for a worth-while cause. After visiting some of the hospitals, and looking into some of their faces, I forgot that I was stout and unbeautiful—I finally felt marvelously necessary. At least *they* were rooting for me!

When, in the fast-moving, busy months after my début on the air, I was whirled into activity that made my private life and private thoughts of no consequence—Ted Collins decided that it was a full-time job managing me—so he resigned from Columbia Records to guide my career.

Since then, Ted has gone into action with me everywhere. When I am before the microphone, he is in the studio, when I am making a personal appearance, he is standing in the wings of the theater. We entered into an ideal business-like partnership. I did the singing—Ted made all the plans that put me on the map as a radio star.

Both as a manager and friend he was consistently thoughtful. He steered me to success without subjecting me to any of the things he knew I disliked, such as professional politics, personal appearances at society or theatrical affairs. I was never seen by Winchell at a night club! I never appeared at any celebrity's party. I kept strictly to myself, and although I never dodged newspaper men or writers, my private life always was, and is to this day, as unknown as Garbo's.

I moved into a sunny, small apartment on lower Park Avenue, and decorated it in my favorite colors, French dusty rose and apple green. I cooked many of my own meals there, and spent what time I had to myself reading in one of my deep, comfortable chairs.

During that first year on the air I practically lived in my songs—and was thrilled to realize that they were affecting other lives too. There was the time I received a pathetic letter from a mother in upstate New York, asking me to sing, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight". She hoped that her runaway son, who always listened to my programs, might hear it and return to her. Though I sang it that night hoping that the mother's hopes might be fulfilled, trying to put all of her pleading in my own voice—another mother profited by that ballad. I received a letter from a happy Brooklyn mother, telling me that her runaway daughter had heard the song, and was so touched that she came home!

One night I payed tribute to Chauncey Olcott with his



● Kate may not look as though she exercises, but here's the proof in a picture, and she really can play golf

song, "My Wild Irish Rose", only to read in the morning papers while leaving the studio that he passed away in Monte Carlo—just twenty-five years after he introduced that beloved ballad!

None of my fan mail came to me without being read and treasured, but I found it impossible to answer all of it personally, however much I wished that it was possible. However, I set aside an hour or so every day to dictate to my secretary.

After several months of broadcasting, I returned to the footlights—this time at the mecca of vaudeville—the Palace. I broke an all-time record there, playing eleven consecutive weeks, rushing to the studios between shows to broadcast with my make-up on! I was inordinately proud of my run at the Palace! It is one of the high spots of my career.

Though my success brought me great happiness and satisfaction, I began to learn that one cannot be successful without making a great many (Continued on page 62)

LORETTA LEE

● Her Mother is Irish, her Father is Spanish, she'd love to be Ruth Etting, got her first break on Friday the thirteenth, and if she ever lost her voice she'd go right home and get married

YOU
ASK HER

Another

Q. What is your real name in private life?

A. Margaret Vieages

Q. Where were you born?

A. In New Orleans, Louisiana.

Q. Do you want to say when?

A. June 14, 1914.

Q. What nationality are your parents?

A. My Father is Spanish and my Mother is Irish.

Q. Are you married?

A. No.

Q. Do you ever intend to marry?

A. I certainly do.

Q. Was marriage ever your idea of a career for yourself?

A. Yes.

Q. When and how did you discover you could sing.

A. I come from a family of singers, but non-professional. I took part in all the kiddie reviews down in New Orleans

and before I came up to New York I broadcast over a New Orleans station.

Q. Have you ever been lonely?

A. I must admit I haven't. You see my Aunt is always with me. However, I do get homesick sometimes.

Q. If you had to decide between a happy marriage and a successful career which would you choose?

A. I would give up my career for a happy marriage.

Q. How long have you been in radio?

A. A little over a year. I (Continued on page 76)



Portrait by Joseph McElliott

S Y L V I A F R O O S

Pretty Sylvia Froos has been singing for radio audiences so long she's considered a veteran in spite of her young years. Now she's dividing her time between Fox sets in Hollywood and the Columbia studios in New York



Portrait by Bert Lawson

Jane Joy

● A flock of blues singers have migrated to the ether waves this past year, and some of them have become big radio stars—Jane Joy with Sam Robbins' orchestra over a hook-up of Columbia stations is one of the newer brunettes to sing her torch songs to a mike





Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

Cliff Soubier



All the masculine attractions on the network aren't handsome singing bachelors or gagging comedians—Cliff Soubier is one of the heavy thespians among the broadcasters. Right now he's with the "First Nighters" and also in the "Sinclair Minstrels" heard on NBC

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



STOOPNAGLE
AND BUDD

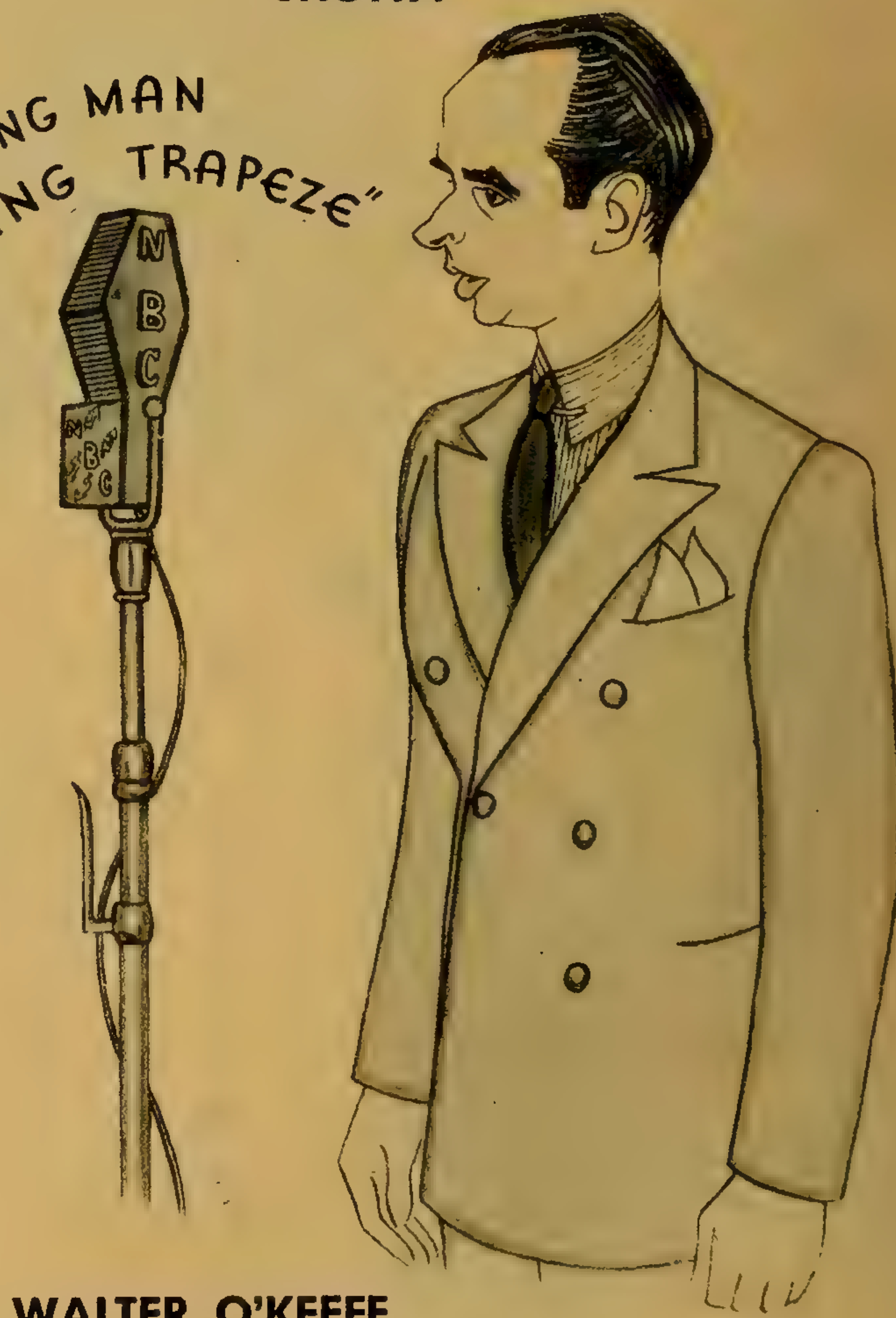


ETHEL
SHUTTA



FRED
WARING

"THE DARING YOUNG MAN
ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE"



WALTER O'KEEFE



● JULIETTA BURNETT

Dark-haired Julietta Burnett pensively considers her radio career and gets into the mood for her songs which are a highlight of the Hudson programs which are broadcast weekly over the NBC chain

Whenever a dramatic moment enters The Palmolive broadcast over NBC they call on pretty Georgia Backus to do the emoting. Georgia's one of the best known dramatic actresses heard on the airwaves

GEORGIA BACKUS

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Alfredo Valenté

EDWARD NELL, JR.

Edward Nell, Jr., romantic baritone of half a dozen programs, has been in radio since the days when it was known as "wireless." He's always smoking cigars or taking sunbaths and builds toy railroads



● Young Mr. Ross is happiest when he's singing, and sacrifices every other interest to hours a day at his own piano

● Lanny was a prize-winning athlete at Yale and now he still likes the feel of a baseball bat in his hands

Lanny's

MOTHER

WHEN a boy is christened Lancelot, art has its first inning on one future career and if law can overcome that early handicap it will have to start with a less theatrical background than that into which Lanny Ross was plunged at birth. The story goes that Blackstone and Beethoven had somewhat of a tussle over him when he was at Yale but the professors who thought they were coaching the good-looking hero of Show Boat hour as a future legal light never had a chance.

Lanny Ross was born a troubadour and his mother did her best to make sure there were no serious detours from his destined road. It's true he passed the bar examinations and could have continued with the vague idea of preparing cases for the defense but by the time he was offered a \$2,500 a year job with an eminent law firm, Lanny figured it out that he could get \$25,000 for singing love songs so the courtrooms of Manhattan lost out to the ether waves.

Lanny looks more like a hopeful young lawyer than he does an actor and sometimes he suggests more of a Yale undergraduate than either. He's quite tall, almost blonde,

very good-looking, rather self-assured when he has a musical score in his hands and a little naïve when it comes to things outside a broadcast studio or a movie set.

It reads well, this romantic tale about the young student who studies hard with a burning ambition that he will make history in one of the over-crowded professions like medicine, law or engineering and then the world suddenly discovers he can sing. So he gives up the books or the pills or the bridge-building and just warbles his way to an easy fame. That's the generally accepted idea of the Lanny Ross career to date only it doesn't happen to be entirely true.

Long before Yale ever put its stamp on Lanny, the musical muses had their fingers in his fate. First of all there was his mother, a professional musician who had appeared in concerts and who at one time was accompanist for the great Pavlowa in London. Then there was father Ross who was an actor and who still performs in stage productions in England, to say nothing of a younger brother who never matriculated at the New England institution of learning but who like the rest of the family

From choir boy to radio troubadour, Lanny the Yale

● A woodland scene makes a romantic background for Lanny Ross, but pretty Ann Sothern is only his cinema heroine

● Here's a typical troubadour pose of Lanny Ross taken at his Hollywood home while he was appearing in the movies



RAISED HIM TO *Sing*

had the call of the thespians and is now acting abroad. So that Lanny was no stranger to the entertainment world when he won his first job as a radio soloist.

The now-successful Mr. Ross served an early novitiate as a child singer in the churches of the Far West and long before he was ready for college was brought to New York and installed as one of the choir boys in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The fact that while he was at Yale he made quite a reputation for himself in athletics and broke a few records on the inter-collegiate tracks proves that his adolescent mind was not entirely absorbed in things musical.

But it goes to show the way the twig was bent and the tree inclined.

He was born in Seattle twenty-seven years ago with a heritage of pioneering blood. His grandfathers had come from far and old places to make their fortunes in a newer world and if sometimes the goal seemed an illusion, their search continued along strange and devious paths to join finally in the state of Washington. One grandfather took

up the trail from Wales with a group of steel men, some of whom settled in Pittsburgh and accumulated wealth and others who went farther west and weren't quite so successful. Lanny's grandfather took the advice of going west so literally that he travelled until he met the Pacific and there settled down. The other grandfather detoured a little more, taking a ship-load of plantation workers around Cape Horn and stopping off for a time in Hawaii where he was manager of big plantations. Eventually he, too, reached Seattle and it was there that Lanny's mother and father met and married.

But the children of the pioneering Welshmen took up adventuring in a new field, the boy heeding the call of the footlights and the girl making herself into a capable and talented musician. When their first son was born they named him Lancelot and then realizing that might be some handicap to a youngster with a baseball bat in his hands, called him Lanny. It was quite natural that with music as one of the most important things in her life Mrs. Ross would want her son to have a *(Continued on page 68)*

Athlete-Lawyer was born to make music—By R. H. Rowan

Ten Million TRUE

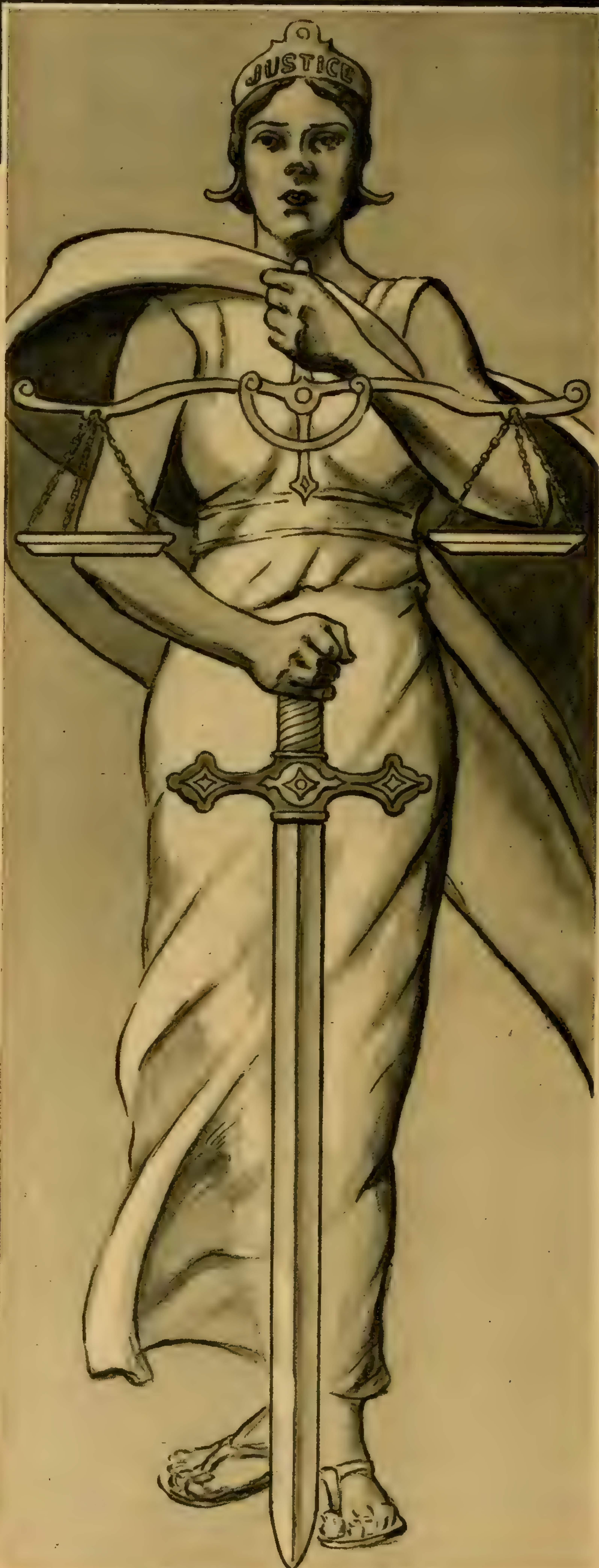


Illustration by Clyde Prettyman

RADIO audiences throughout the nation, called upon to act as juries every Sunday night for the *True Story* Court of Human Relations, should want to know what their verdicts have been.

As a matter of fact the audiences have taken their duties so seriously, have written such carefully considered judgments of the facts of the case, that the sponsors of the hour have been more than gratified with the results.

Radio critics throughout the nation have been generous in their praise of the purely technical matters of production. Technically the Sunday night period over the Columbia system has been regarded as being nearly perfect.

Nothing has been said so far about the response the period gets. That's the purpose of this story; to tell, for the first time, how audiences have reacted to the highly controversial problems put before them.

At the outset it must be shown that the radio audience has been working under a disadvantage that real trial juries never know. The radio trials to which they listen are dramatic stories and one of the first essentials of the drama is a sense of conflict. Then, too, because more interest is aroused by controversial matters, stories containing a high degree of controversial detail, have been purposely chosen for presentation to the audiences.

For instance, there was that case of the mother who gave her infant son for adoption when she found herself unable to support him. The *True Story* Court of Human Relations wanted to know what to do about it. She was seeking the return of her son years later when she had come into a fortune and was able to give him advantages she felt were not to be had by him from his adopted parents, although she didn't know who they were.

THE mother's voice, her pleadings, her tears—her side of the story, were the principal details of the story. No one listening could have failed to develop a high degree of sympathy for her. One certainly would have thought that here was a difficult case for the radio audience to judge correctly, with all of the sympathetic trappery injected by the dramatization of the story, itself, stripped of all superficial detail, most difficult of any solution satisfactory to all concerned.

It might have been expected that the verdict would have been preponderantly in her favor—that, if the power of argument had anything to do with their replies, a majority would have advised the return of the boy to the mother who had not seen him for years. Not so. Seventy-five per cent of the answers, as nearly as could be determined, were in favor of preserving the status quo of the family and dismissing the plea of the mother.

That simply means that seventy-five per cent of the listeners penetrated the dramatic effects introduced purely for the purpose of interesting them. They were not in-

Thrilling real life dramas, heard on the air in the Court of Human

Jurors for STORY COURT

fluenced in their judgment by the lady's tears or the truly pathetic circumstances of her sad story. They saw only the naked question of what was honest and effective judgment and rendered their verdicts accordingly.

Three out of every four of them expressed varying degrees of sympathy for the lady but adhered to the dictates of common sense that to return her son now would be an undeserved blow to the conscientious couple who had adopted him and reared him as their own, and would be by no means a guaranty of the future welfare or happiness of the boy. "When he is old enough to know and judge for himself the decision could be made by him," said quite a few of the jurymen.

In the Contest department of Macfadden Publications, publishers of *True Story Magazine*, Elizabeth W. Neil superintends the job of sorting the thousands of verdicts that are received every week.

"It has been a revelation to me the amount of common sense shown by the public in these cases. Why, some of the cases have puzzled me but when I read the verdicts I'm surprised at myself for not having seen through the problem as clearly as a majority of those answering."

Another surprise to Miss Neil is the number of the jury that typewrite their answers. They come in from all sorts of addresses upon all kinds of stationery. Some, obviously, are from employees of big business concerns, written on office typewriters during moments of leisure. Others, quite apparently, are from housewives. Still others are from professional men, lawyers dominating this class, probably because their profession is naturally interested in anything pertaining to justice.

One story that aroused a great deal of attention was the case of Burmah White. Although it is the policy of the magazine to change the real names of the characters in the stories it prints, an exception was made in the case of Burmah White, 19-year-old California

girl, sentenced to serve a prison term of from thirty years to life as the accomplice of her husband, shot dead resisting arrest.

The White story was full of pathos. The child of respectable parents, Burmah had chosen to become self-supporting in her teens and secured employment in a beauty parlor where she met another girl who introduced her to Tom White, ex-convict, who was to spread terror in Los Angeles as the dread "rattlesnake bandit."

TOO late Burmah learned his real identity and was forced to accompany him, driving stolen automobiles upon his forays. On one of these he shot a school teacher, blinding her for life. The law finally caught up with them and Tom, who had married Burmah only to protect himself from her testimony in the event of arrest, was killed when he shot at the detectives.

Public opinion in Los Angeles was at white heat. The girl, dazed by her experience, hardly knew what was happening to her. Certainly she did not realize that in effect she was being called upon to answer for the sins of her bridegroom in full measure. A jury found her guilty upon all counts of the indictment against her and she was sentenced.

Although she had only known Tom White two months, although it was shown manifestly that he had exercised a malign influence over her, threatening her with death, threatening to kill her little sister if she went back on him, giving her drugged drinks and alternately being nice to her, showing her good times, buying her presents—in short, leaving nothing undone which would make her more completely his creature, she was given the full burden of guilt.

The broadcast of Burmah White's story was a technical triumph. Without resorting to the usual tricks of staccato gun shots more than was absolutely necessary, without screeching of sirens
(Continued on page 76)

● A corner of the vast volume of mail that comes in daily from the millions of listeners who form the jury of the True Story court





Connie Gates looks fresh and lovely in an all-over lace gown of salmon pink with stiff two-tone satin sash and an enormous bow

Connie a Cotton

For one of those warm July mornings in town, Miss Gates wears a two-piece suit of silk and cotton crepe and large baku hat



Youthful organdie dance frock embroidered in silk thread, and Miss Gates is ready for a summer party, in town or at a resort



FOR hot days and warm evenings in July there's nothing cooler and lovelier than cotton clothes. This year the smartest women are including a number of cotton frocks and gowns in their summer wardrobes. The clothes which Connie Gates wears on these pages are from the Rendezvous Shop of Bonwit Teller and they represent dresses for every possible occasion this summer. There are the simple frocks for mornings, the dresses for afternoon parties and gowns for dinner and dancing. Summer is the season for working girls whose clothes budgets are limited and for all women who can't splurge when they go wardrobe shopping. Crisp materials and flattering collars will make any girl presentable as the attractive Columbia Broadcasting singer shows you in these poses.

The striped tub silk dress Miss Gates wears is the most useful item of any warm weather wardrobe. This one has bone buttons and a contrasting kerchief worn cowboy fashion. The simple use of pleats down the center front and back makes for comfort and smartness. With it she wears black and white sport shoes and a sport hat of felt.

The afternoon costume is a one-piece frock and the loose waist-length jacket shows the new seven-eighths full sleeve. Tiny tucks are a new note.

An unusual effect is managed in the white organdie dance frock with a double collar, very full, of the em-



Gates in Parade

Here's a simple sport frock for a hundred occasions of diagonal striped silk with pleats for comfort and contrasting cow-boy hankie



Sheer faille is used for this flower print dinner gown with its matching jacket and organdie trimming. The coat features a huge collar



For mid-summer afternoon the radio star wears a one-piece white frock of silk and cotton crepe with loose waist-length jacket

broidered organdie and a sky-blue ribbon sash provides the only color note.

For formal occasions Miss Gates wears the two-piece ensemble. The three-quarter jacket is topped by a pointed collar of white organdie that covers a formal gown of the same flower print, with low decolletage in back and a bow of white organdie at the front neckline.

It's always difficult to know what to wear on one of those morning trips into town during July so Miss Gates has chosen a cool and attractive ensemble. It is made of a silk and cotton crepe fabric, having contrasting drawn-work throughout. The frock is fitted and shows an amusing self-lacing treatment at the neckline. The waist-length jacket is double breasted and has sports tailored lapels.

Any girl will look charming in the lace gown which can be worn for dinner or dancing. It is an all-over-flower design of cotton lace in a delectable salmon pink with wide stiff two-tone satin sash ending in an enormous bow at the back.

The important thing for any woman who wants to be well-groomed in the summer is not that she wears such expensive clothes but that she always looks fresh and cool. And Miss Gates shows you how to do it without expensive shopping, which ought to be good news to you; naturally better clothes are preferred if your circumstance permits their purchase.



ON THE PACIFIC

News and intimate gossip of the interesting personalities

DON BLANDING, who is pretty well known all over the world as a poet and vagabond, started a series of broadcasts in the late spring from KNX, Hollywood, semi-weekly.

Of course probably by the time this reaches print Don will be meandering off to some little hidden nook and cranny in search of something or other in the line of liter-

● Pretty Julietta Novis, who married into radio, is now a popular staff artist of KFWB, in Hollywood

ary endeavors, and vagabonds love to roam in Summer.

But, by the same token, and maybe something like the good old circus going into winter quarters, don't be surprised if Don Blanding comes back to the air again in the fall. KNX you know, or maybe you don't, has the faculty of reaching all over the country with its 25,000 watts and its favorite wave length. In the meantime, it has made application to double its power.

Somebody or other has described Don Blanding as an artist by nature, an actor by instinct, a poet by accident and a vagabond by choice.

In boyhood days Blanding daily saw the Indians, all wrapped up in their blankets and with feathered headgear. He was raised in Lawton, Oklahoma, where his father, Judge Hugh Ross Blanding, had taken part in opening the Cherokee strip.

Later the youngster studied art in Chicago with models from the windy city to depict on canvas. And, still later, he happened to see "The Bird of Paradise" company playing in good old Kansas City. A victim of impulse, he hopped a train for the West Coast and then a steamer for Honolulu. That was the beginning of his wanderlust.

Of course you know his pen, and typewriter, have produced "Vagabond's House," "Hula Moons," "Let Us Dream" and lots of others. Yes, girls, he's just as good over the air as he is in the printed books. And that's plenty good.

* * *

SEEMS as though the radio folks up in the northwest are boat builders of no mean ability. The latest to "get the habit" is George Kirchner, cellist at KOMO.

He has fashioned and designed an 18-foot launch and laid the keel, punctured the frame with rivets, fitted in the ribs and did all the other technical operations needed to get the craft ready for the briny deep.

Down in the Southwest, at Los Angeles harbor, the radio nabobs go in for boating in a big way, too. Only in that part of the west they seem to go in for custom-built craft instead of designing 'em as a hobby.

Those who own boats there include Don Lee, KHJ owner, with an elaborate and luxurious yacht; Freeman Lang, transcription producer, with a fast-moving power cabin cruiser; Ben McGlashan, owner of KGFJ, with two good sized yachts; Clarence Juneau, KTM production chief, with a power cruiser; Harry Earnshaw, radio producer, with a smaller sailing skiff; Victor Dalton, owner of KMTR, with a two masted sailing sloop and a whole flock of mere radio artists who can boast of smaller craft.

* * *

MAYBE you can't personally remember the days of the old-time medicine shows with the picturesque barker in wide-brimmed hat in front of the tent, with a dripping oil lamp casting weird shadows as he extolled the virtues of his medicinal products. Even the most conservative of the old-time medicine showmen would admit that their remedies would cure everything from charley horse and croup to whooping cough and colic. "Good for man and

B Y D R . R A L P H



AIR WAVES

and entertaining programs out of the West Coast stations

beast," was their favorite ballyhoo phrase, if you remember.

Well, even if you can't remember all this, maybe you have heard (George) Earle Hodgins a Sunday eve on the weekly hi-jinks of KFWB, Hollywood, as he depicts the character of a medicine man selling a mythical beverage known as "Knee-Paw." "Why, my friends," wails the radio medicine man, "One of my audience writes in that, since using Knee-Paw, he has no need of any other medicine. Let's see. What's his name? Oh, yes, it was written and sent in by his widow."

Just a few weeks ago some of the California radio columnists got pretty snooty and intimated that Medicine Man Hodgins was gloriously drunk on his weekly performance.

But, lo and behold, others of the radio writing fraternity rushed helter skelter to his aid and said that, even if he was "tight," which, they said, he probably was and had a perfect right to be if he wanted to, he gave a performance that evening which will go down in radio annals as a masterpiece of wit, satirism and homely philosophy.

So what . . . mutters the old showman to himself as he sings a couple of bars about "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking," and adds something about pink elephants, two-headed serpents, et al.

He was born in Utah of Scotch ancestry, has one son, and moved down from the bay district a couple of years ago after experience in stock and on NBC.

* * *

HAL NICHOLS is the oldest station owner-announcer-fiddler out on the west coast. At that, he hasn't any whiskers and doesn't carry a cane. But veterans in radio all came from other fields and are not so old.

Some years ago Hal and his cousin, Earle, operated a dance hall in Denver. Along came radio and they put up a small broadcast station in Denver, said to be the fifth licensed in the country.

Col. John F. Dillon, then radio supervisor in the west, and later a member of the original Federal Radio Commission, suggested that the boys come to Long Beach, Cal.

This they did in March of 1924 and put up a station. A few years ago Earle Nichols passed away, and shortly after the third partner of the group died, too.

But Hal Nichols continues to "carry on." While the KFOX staff is relatively large, with many remote control points and a daily service of about 18 hours on the air, Hal continues to manage the outfit, announces a half dozen programs a day, and to even play the violin on some of the supper hour programs and old-time barn dance hours.

* * *

A CAREER or a home? Ah, 'tis the old wheeze that is bound to stir up controversy wherever it is sprung. Some prefer a career. Others maintain a home's the thing. Still others say that both are possible.

Take the case of Gerree Middleton and John te Groen. Gerree has been hostess at KNRC, KTM and a whole flock of Southern California stations. At present she is at KMPC, Beverly Hills.

And John te Groen, who started out with the Alexandria

Hotel Orchestra where Paul Whiteman got his start, has been a radio orchestra leader around Los Angeles for ten years.

A year ago Miss Middleton and Mr. te Groen were married. But each maintained their radio career. How has it worked out? Just swell, they both echo, sort of sotto voce and with sparkling eyes and a rapturous gaze into each other's orbits.

● Jeanne Dunn is the Playtime Lady who tells stories to kiddies and occasionally vocalizes in blue notes



L. POWER



● She's a hill Nelly, this pretty Mona Greer who appears on the radio with the California hill billies

ONCE upon a time Max Dolin was music director of NBC in San Francisco when it was inaugurated several years ago.

But nowadays, though he still lives in San Francisco, his radio work is confined to commercial programs.

Max is sort of distinguished looking. Dapper, some people might call it. In fact, he looks a bit ritzy and high-brow. Why, even the announcers are pronouncing his name over the air as though it were "Doleen."

But Max himself is not at all highbrow. Born in Odessa, Russia, he arrived in New York before reaching the age of twenty-one. In between times he travelled 10,000 miles to take part in the Russo-Japanese war, only it was all over when the troops in his train arrived and they had to turn about and go on home.

So, to make a long story short, Max played in vodvil and theatre pits in New York, Cuba and South America before bringing his family to San Francisco so he could engage in theatre and radio engagements.

"FRANCES" gives household hints daily over KGER in Long Beach, Cal. Probably she does it in much the same manner as a hundred or two others all over the country.

But, behind it all, is the story of a young girl who wanted

to do "something different." In real life Frances is Kitty Brown. Back in sorority days at the University of Washington in Seattle, she was Miss Catherine Brown.

When college days were over, she bid her mother and stepfather adieu and set forth bravely to conquer the world. Snoqualmie Falls, Wash., where she was born, was too small a place for a career.

A majority of those who give home talks over the air already conduct a newspaper column or a cooking school. But with Kitty there was no similar background.

So she worked on San Francisco and Los Angeles stations to develop a radio speaking voice. Then she worked with sponsors to get the right slant on foodstuffs. She took a tiny cottage and in her own kitchen, tested various recipes and short cuts. Finally she was ready for the radio series and it has been going for nearly three years.

No, readers of the male specie, "Katrinka" is still single. She is twenty-six and has dieted from 240 down to 160 pounds. Ain't that sumpin'?

* * *

JOSEPH DISKAY, Los Angeles tenor who is guest artist on nearly all of the stations, born in Hungary but a naturalized American citizen, did military service for his brother during the world war. After the armistice he returned to Hungary and found the revolution in progress. Thrown in prison by radicals, he later escaped and worked his way to New York and finally California by singing as a wandering minstrel.

"At Rotterdam", he said, "the place is a veritable El Dorado for street singers. In a few days I was able to outfit myself with new clothes and buy a ticket across the sea."

* * *

LOS ANGELES' most youthful station owner has cast his hat into the political ring for state senator from Los Angeles, at the summer elections.

He is Ben McGlashan, 27-year-old owner of KGFJ, a hundred watt station which perks merrily on its way 24 hours out of each day.

In fact, most radio authorities agree on one thing at least. There seems to be little doubt but that this little hundred watter was the first U. S. station to adopt a non-closing down policy.

So, while the big fellows in broadcast were increasing their overhead by leaps and bounds, young Benjamin was whistling along merrily with a negligible overhead.

Ten years ago McGlashan, senior, in Chicago, gave his son and heir the sum of \$10,000 and told him he was on his own, but to come back when he needed more.

McGlashan, junior, trekked to Los Angeles, entered the University of Southern California as a freshman, and put up a 100 watt radio station by way of a hobby and a career.

In the meantime, he has finished the college course, married, built a mansion out in Beverly Hills, owns a couple of fine yachts, and it was the little hundred watter that did all this.

Instead of putting the station in a museum as an object lesson for the younger generation, McGlashan has kept improving the outfit and intends to make it support him the rest of his life.

Seems as though all you have to have to make a radio success is \$10,000. Anyway, that's the moral of this story.

P.S. He didn't have to go back to the family coffer for more money.

* * *

NADINE CONNOR was added to the cast of vocal talent at KHJ in the springtime.

Of course that's just a dull, prosaic and matter-of-fact

ON THE PACIFIC

announcement. But behind it lies a story that sounds just exactly like a talkie or a novel. Only it really sounds even more intriguing than either a motion picture or a book. Which may possibly prove that truth is stranger than fiction. Still, who cares anyway, so long as the heroine gets into "big time" and makes plenty of do-re-mi?

A year ago, when Miss Conner was studying music at the University of Southern California's school of music, the students were holding rehearsals and auditions at KHJ for their weekly broadcast.

In wandered Mahlon Merrick, who had been a 'Frisco program head for radio many years but who had then become affiliated in similar capacity with the Los Angeles station.

Gazing dreamily out of the window Mahlon Merrick's keen and sensitive ears noticed the strength and clarity of Nadine's voice as it came out over the monitor system . . . to say nothing of its delicate tonal shadings, its quality of human appeal.

Of course, if Merrick had been gazing out of the office window, his attention would probably have been distracted by scenes down on the street, but, as it was, the studio windows don't look anywhere. They are inside windows. So there was nothing at all to take the program producer's mind off the business of the day and his recommendation of the young coed's vocal prowess brought her a chance to be on a lot of the station's programs including California Melodies, Gallery of Favorites, Merrymakers and others.

Miss Connor is a native daughter of Los Angeles where she was born 27 years ago. She had studied privately for three years before receiving a scholarship in the school of music which finally landed her into the realm of radio.

* * *

FRANK COOMBS, who has been doing the Steamboat Bill characterization for KOMO, Seattle for months, not long ago, had a request to announce a birthday date.

Of course that, in itself, isn't of much news value. Not nearly so good as the gag about a man biting a dog.

But the name of the sender of the request was news. It was Dunham Wright, of Medical Springs, Oregon, 93-year-old plainsman who crossed the mountains via oxcart in '60.

* * *

WHEN John Page was graduated from Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles three years ago, radio loomed on the horizon as his goal of achievement.

As a graduation present he was given a trip up to San Francisco to visit his grandmother. While there he sneaked away to KFRC to take an audition. But it didn't "take."

But one day, after he returned home, his father took him to Long Beach while he attended to his business as an insurance adjuster. So the boy hiked over to KGER, and before he knew it he was a regular staff announcer.

But, somehow or other, the really big chance never seemed to come. That is, until somebody suggested he take a radio name. So he became David Carlyle and from then on his career was rapid.

He was at KTM as a staff announcer for a long time and now is in a similar capacity at KMTR, Hollywood. Every once in a while he also gets a chance to sing over at M-G-M or some of the other talkie lots.

* * *

WEST COAST fans have been wondering for a long time what has become of Tom Breneman. Tom evolved the "Tom and his Mule Hercules" program over KNX years ago. Then he brought out his "Tom and Wash" act at KFVD and later became manager of KFAC.

Just before Thanksgiving of last year (1933) he moved



● This sombrero business is an old Spanish custom but then Felipe Delgado sings Spanish songs at KFI

over to KFWB in Hollywood as special features director. He was getting ready to create some more of his famous radio blackface acts in which he takes all of the parts himself.

One day he started to answer his office phone. The cord caught in the curtain and pulled the heavy iron rod down on his head. Office employees found him stretched out on the floor unconscious.

The accident caused him the loss of his voice. He spent months in the hospital, and finally went out into the desert area around Palm Springs to recuperate.

By early summer he had regained speech to the extent that he can carry on a conversation in a low pitched voice, though in a halting and hesitating manner. Physicians, the fan audience and radio colleagues, hope that by the fall Tom will have completely regained his voice.

* * *

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA newspapers keep the "Home Town Boy Makes Good" slug all ready set up for whenever Harry Von Zell hits town on a visit.

Harry, as you know, is CBS announcer in New York and is heard regularly on several programs, including the March of Time which, however, has gone into "summer quarters" and is expected to emerge in the fall all dressed up and renovated.

Harry was selling automobiles six years ago when James R. Fouch, now a microphone (Continued on page 80)

AIR WAVES

● Radio's newest
operatic recruit,
Gladys Swarthout,
who's the prima
donna of the new
Palmolive program



● This is Gladys'
husband, Frank
Chapman, who's
had a successful
career of his own as
a concert baritone



*In
Gladys
Swarthout's
Home*



● A quiet corner in the Chapmans' living room as they discuss together their respective musical activities



● Happy over her new radio work, Gladys Swarthout shows Husband Chapman one of her many fan letters

On the airways out of the Windy City. Gossipy Tidbits about the radio personalities and current events around all the big broadcast studios

CHICAGO

BEHIND every name you see in a magazine or newspaper or hear on the air is a real person. Sometimes we forget that and sometimes it's brought to our attention suddenly and unexpectedly. We first heard of Harry Jost when he was a runner up in the radio-stage talent quest conducted last year by NBC, RKO and The *Chicago Daily News*. The youngster had a fine voice. NBC auditioned him again later on and listed his name among the future vocal possibilities. But he didn't get a paying job. Just to keep in trim he did some work free on one of the Chicago stations. About a year later he finally got his break . . . he went on NBC with an orchestra and started a commercial series of his own. Much the same sort of facts could be written about almost any one of the big timers in radio . . . they all had small beginnings. Who knows, perhaps Harry Jost will someday be a Bing Crosby or a Rudy Vallee? Behind those few facts listed above lay a real story. It came to us in a letter from a reader. . . .

I was married about three years ago and a year later the Youngest and Blondest member of my husband's family ran off and married a nice youngster named Harry Jost.

Harry and Y. and B. Member of the family were just seventeen years old apiece and they hadn't a dime in the world. But they had the courage that moves mountains and they were in love. Love is the willingness to face trials with someone else just to be with that someone else. And they were very happy. The Youngest worked in a department store and Harry practiced and worked when he could find work . . . which wasn't very often. They lived in Downers Grove, Ill., with his family. They were very poor and they had a fine time. Then, suddenly they were going to have a baby. It was a very trying time for us all. WHAT would they DO? We worried and stewed and were dreadfully upset. But not those two . . . tomorrow was that new day they keep talking about.

"Harry would get his break sometime soon. And the baby . . . it would be a boy, of course, blond just like Harry. His name would be Peter . . . he would be a lovely child. Well, what can you do with children who WILL be a people? Maybe it was that perfect faith but whatever it was Harry DID get a job. Smallish, about thirteen dollars a week. But it was a Beginning. They were jubilant.

Wade Booth and Dorothy Day who are heard on "The Singing Stranger" program over the NBC chain from KYW



BREEZES

We who were older shook our heads sadly . . . you can't have children on thirteen dollars a week, we mourned. And then Peter arrived. He had quantities of black hair and an indignant looking face and he cried a great deal . . . but he was a fine baby. Even we Olders thought so. In fact we were very proud. We felt somehow it was all our own doing. We kept (and still do) wandering in and out of his room and staring at him . . . Oh, a very miracle of a baby!

"The Blondest Member was quite brave about it all, or perhaps that is not the right word . . . she was GLAD (Can you imagine?) that Peter-the-Blond was about to arrive. Harry was the one who was brave. He heated water admirably and ran all sorts of heartening little errands. He was the perfect Father-About-to-Be and if he was disappointed in the extreme redness of his son's face he didn't mention it. You could see that he distrusted the RAW-NESS of him, but he was really very polite about the alarming child. Dorothy, of course, was enchanted with their offspring. And just then Harry got the 'break'. Feltman and Curme put him on the air twice a week, Wednesdays and Sundays at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was very exciting. We all sat around the room very stiffly that first broadcast and didn't look at each other. The broadcast was to last for six months . . . thirteen week option clause could let him out at any time . . . after any broadcast if they chose.

"Dotty's hair is so blond and she's so little and Harry is so determined. I forgot to mention that Harry blossoms under the alias Gary Temple. I wonder who picks these names out. Also latest news is that he is on the blue network one night a week with some studio orchestra . . . purely a buildup I am informed."

Yes, we sometimes miss the human side of the person behind the name. But that letter is a gem. If you are technically minded you may find some faulty sentence structure and a spot or two where the continuity gets balled up. But what of it? It tells the story, doesn't it?

* * *

WENDALL HALL VACATIONS

Wendell Hall, Evanston's (Ill.) gift to radioland is vacationing from his Fitch shampoo series over NBC from June until September but he has already signed up for the new fall series. The "Red Headed Music Maker", who made millions from his "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" hit a few years back is one of radio's pioneers. In fact this letter from Miami, Fla., reminded him just how long he'd been in the business of broadcasting: "We sure like your stuff over the air. You may be interested to know that your voice was the very first one I ever heard over the radio. Back in 1924 I made a crystal set in Toronto, Canada, and lo and behold the first thing I got was your dulcet voice singing 'We're Gonna Have Weather, Whether or Not'.

P. MARSHALL,
418 S. W., 2nd. Ave., Miami, Fla."

* * *

Bill Hay, the Scotchman who announces Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs, is the Eskimo of the Evanston (Ill.)



Virginia Ware with "Talking Picture Time" over WMAQ

golf course. Only three weekends did he miss all winter although sometimes he had to wade through snow and once played when the thermometer registered eight above zero.

* * *

GAG MAN FROM BERWYN

It recently came to light that one of Joe Penner's gag men writing under the name of Hal Raynor is really the Rev. Henry Rubel, Episcopal minister in New Jersey. But what didn't come to light was that he was once minister of the St. Michaels and All Angels Episcopal Church in Berwyn, Ill., before he went east. Beside his ministerial job in Berwyn he also used to write musical comedies and popular songs in his spare time. His wife is a former member of the Ziegfeld Follies named Dorothy Deuel. While in Berwyn she used to conduct (Continued on page 70)

BY CHASE E GILES



In the

Do you like gingerbread cake, tuna fish loaf or mint stuffing? Let the radio artists teach you how to cook the dishes they suggest this month

● An announcer turns culinary as Kenneth Roberts gets his own breakfast, and what's more, eats it, too!

THE Radio stars like all human beings have a certain food delicacy for which they show decided preference and take great pride in telling other people of their favorite dishes. When radio celebrities get together their discussions always include mention of this or that special menu. They are no different than when doctors gather in a staff room to discuss medical problems. They too give their ideas of food delicacies. We take pleasure in saying that the radio entertainers are enjoying our home-making department and it would please us immeasurably if all our readers would try our recipes and those of our ether celebrities.

The RADIO MIRROR has established the Home Making Department as an aid to its readers in improving their recipes and suggesting new ones to them. This month Alice Joy gives a particularly interesting Pineapple French Salad Dressing, you will like the Mint Stuffing made by Myrt, of Myrt and Marge and Gertrude Niesen's Tuna Fish and Cheese Loaf. Of the men we especially recommend John Charles Thomas' Mint Syrup and Fred Allen's Gingerbread Cake. George Burns' Fruit Cocktail is just what you want to start your dinner with these warm evenings.

Alice Joy, the lovely NBC star has a very fine knowledge of furniture arrangement, and she is also an adept cook. Her favorite dish is steak with fried onions, but this unusual salad dressing we like best.

Try this some warm afternoon.

PINEAPPLE FRENCH SALAD DRESSING

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup crushed pineapple	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint French dressing	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup pecans, very finely chopped

Combine the crushed pineapple and the French Dressing, and mix thoroughly. To this add first the heavy cream and then the pecans. Blend all ingredients thoroughly, chill and serve on salad. This makes about twenty portions.

Agnes Moorehead is an expert cook and she specializes in attractiveness in food arrangements. This Pineapple Pie filling will be delightful for your next luncheon or dinner.

PINEAPPLE PIE FILLING

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups crushed pineapple	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar	1 tablespoonful lemon juice
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
1 egg yolk	4 tablespoonfuls butter

Scald the pineapple, add sugar and salt. Dissolve the cornstarch in water. Add to pineapple and cook 15 minutes or until starch taste has disappeared. Beat egg yolk slightly and add lemon juice to it. When pineapple mixture has cooked sufficiently, add egg and remove from fire immediately. Add butter; cool. Turn into unbaked pie shell and cover with upper crust, or for one pie crust, turn filling into baked crust and cover with whipped cream or meringue.

Stars' Kitchens

Myrt, of the popular Myrt and Marge pair tells you how to make this delicious Mint stuffing.

MINT STUFFING

3 cups fine, dry bread crumbs
 1/2 cup fresh mint leaves
 6 tablespoons butter
 3 tablespoons chopped celery
 1 1/2 tablespoons chopped onion
 3/4 teaspoon salt
 1/4 teaspoon pepper

In half the butter cook the onion and celery for two minutes, add mint leaves and seasoning. Cook until all the water evaporates, add the other half of butter, melted, to crumbs and combine all the ingredients.

Gladys Swarthout, another of the well liked women stars, enjoys cooking, and does very well at it. She particularly likes these broiled lamb kidneys.

BROILED LAMB KIDNEYS

Wash the kidneys in cold water, and remove the skin. If old soak them in salted water for several hours. Split the kidneys, and broil for about twelve minutes. Serve on triangles of toast. Pour over this melted butter that has been seasoned with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. This is nice to serve for breakfast when you have guests.

Gertrude Niesen, one of the most popular of Columbia's blues singers suggests this Tuna Fish and Cheese Loaf.

TUNA FISH AND CHEESE LOAF

2 cups tuna fish, broken
 1 1/2 cups cheese, grated
 1 egg beaten well
 3 1/2 tablespoons milk
 1 tablespoon butter, melted
 3/4 teaspoon salt
 Pepper, few grains
 1 1/2 teaspoons finely chopped pimiento
 Cracker crumbs

Mix all of these, using enough cracker crumbs to have the mixture hold its shape to make a loaf. Shape in baking pan, cover with crumbs that are dipped in melted butter, and bake in moderate oven until well browned.

John Charles Thomas, whose baritone voice comes to you over the NBC network likes to cook, and is one of the culinary experts of the air artists. His favorite foods are potatoes, peas, and sauerkraut. This Mint Sirup Drink is refreshing and attractive to the eye.

MINT SIRUP

1 cup sugar
 1 cup water
 1/2 cup lemon juice
 2 bunches of mint
 Green coloring

Boil the sugar and water for about five to six minutes, add the mint which has been thoroughly washed and finely shredded. Further mash into the liquid with the back of the spoon. Cool, color faintly, add lemon juice, and strain through a cheesecloth.

Roy Atwell, of Columbia is another of the men entertainers who cooks for his friends. His favorite is Wheat Griddlecakes, another recipe

that will be popular on your special breakfast menu.

WHEAT GRIDDLECAKES

1/2 cup entire wheat flour
 1 cup flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 3/4 teaspoon salt
 3 1/2 tablespoons sugar
 1 egg, well beaten
 1 cup milk
 1 tablespoon melted butter

Mix and sift both flours, salt, and baking powder; add the sifted sugar, milk, egg and butter. Heat the frying pan, grease pan with cut turnip, drop from tip of spoon to griddle, cook on one side, and when puffed and full of bubbles turn and cook on the other side. Serve butter or maple sirup with these.

Lee Sims one of our eminent radio pianists is fond of steaks, and this dish of Fried Oysters.

FRIED OYSTERS

Clean the oysters and dry between towels. Season well with salt, pepper, dip in flour, egg, and cracker crumbs. Fry in plenty of hot fat. Drain on brown wrapping paper, and (Continued on page 80)

● Betty Barthell, pretty Columbia star, cooks as well as she sings, and that means she knows her sauces



OUR FOURTH of JULY PARTY

Patriotism and hospitality combined in a refreshing summer luncheon party as planned by Sylvia Covney

FOR our partying this month we have a national holiday, and so let's enjoy with our friends an American Fourth of July Luncheon. This year everyone is doing his part to be patriotic and we shall have the decorations in red, white and blue.

If you are at the shore your guests will enjoy an invigorating swim, or if it is in the city, tickets for a matinee will be appreciated. For entertainment we may also tune in on our radio and hear our friends singing, and playing, and reciting many of the selections we love for this occasion.

For those of you who have gardens it will be easy to arrange an attractive centerpiece, but for others who do not grow flowers, the florist will offer you an inexpensive bouquet. The bowl on the table may be blue with red and white flowers, or a white glass centerpiece bowl with the three colors of flowers in it.

● Wouldn't this group pep up any Fourth of July luncheon with their gay songs? Ethel Merman surrounded by gobs



Your table cloth may be all white, or as this is an informal luncheon you may have one of those colorful cloths that are so popular now. If it happens to be red, white, and blue design it will be most appropriate.

The menu for the luncheon is simply prepared before the guests arrive, inexpensive, and will not overheat you when you serve, or be too heavy.

MENU

Fresh Fruit Cup	Lobster Salad in the Shell
Orange and Cheese Biscuits	Raspberry Tarts
Iced Coffee	Red, White and Blue Mints
	Salted Nuts

FRESH FRUIT CUP

Make the fruit cup of melon balls, pineapple cubes from fresh pineapple, cherries, and mint leaves. Use the mint leaves for garnishing. A little liquid should be poured into each cocktail glass, either pineapple juice or ginger ale. Use about two tablespoons for each serving.

LOBSTER SALAD IN THE SHELL

In selecting your lobster a female lobster is sweeter than the male; distinguishing by the feelers, if they are soft it is a female, if hard, and horny it is a male. Remove the large claws and cut through the body shell, by beginning on inside of the tail end and then cutting through the entire length of tail and body. Open lobster, remove tail meat, liver, and coral, set aside. Throw away the intestinal vein, stomach, and fat; wipe the inside thoroughly with cloth that has been wrung in cold water. Remove claw meat, keeping shell in shape to garnish. Cut the lobster meat in half-inch pieces, let stand in French dressing and mix with same quantity of finely chopped celery. Then season with salt, pepper, and vinegar, and moisten with mayonnaise. Refill body and the tail. Mix the coral and liver, rub through a sieve, add a little mayonnaise a few drops of anchovy sauce, then mayonnaise, enough to cover lobster in the shell. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with thin slices of olives and paprika.

ORANGE AND CHEESE BISCUITS

2 cups flour	1 teaspoon salt
5 teaspoons baking powder	2 tablespoons shortening
	4/5 cup of milk

Mix the dry ingredients and sift twice. Work in shortening with finger tips. Add liquid gradually and soften dough with a knife. Roll on floured board about one half inch thick. Dip one cube of sugar in orange juice and place in center of biscuit. For the cheese biscuits add grated cheese to batter and mix well before rolling. Place on buttered sheet and bake for fifteen minutes in hot oven.

RASPBERRY TARTS

3/4 cup of raspberry juice	1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons sugar	2 cups raspberries

Mix sugar and cornstarch, add juice. Cook until a thick consistency, stirring constantly, and then cook about twenty minutes over hot water. Cool a little and fill tarts with raspberries, pour over mixture and chill. Put on whipped cream and one whole raspberry or finely chopped nuts.

Tarts: Cut plain pastry dough in size of the inverted pans and cover the outside; prick several times, and bake in a hot oven.



● The Olsens, Charlie, Ethel, little Georgie and George getting their tan

GET THAT SUMMER TAN

You can be a sun-tanned goddess if you know how to treat old father sun's rays, or you may look like a boiled lobster

WE all eagerly await the summer to bask in the sun, to go fishing, boating, or any of the thrilling July sports, but many have hours of torture after exposure.

Sunburn is painful, unattractive, and injurious to the skin, as it makes it coarse, and leathery old in appearance. There are several Sunburn creams that allow these difficulties to be vanquished easily.

Cosmetics for the warm months are chosen by different methods than your other seasonal selection. In the summer, naturalness is the keynote to beauty. Select your make-up by your skin tone alone, and not your eyes, your hair, or your clothes. It is wiser to blend your own powder to get a shade that will exactly match your skin. The rouge and lipstick at any time of the year must be the same shades.

A cream rouge is the best, because it looks more natural. For the eye shadow a green coloring is very effective with the tan skin, and the eye shadow should be subtly applied.

Dorothy Gray says that many women do not properly use the powder. Begin at the base of the throat, and powder

up to the jaw line, then on up the sides of the face to the forehead, being careful to use only enough to make your complexion look smooth.

A definite sun tanned skin, red hair with plenty of gold in it and freckles, with brown or green eyes should use an orange sun-tan lipstick and rouge for daytime. Scarlet for evening.

A golden-skinned type with dark or yellow hair should use an orange-pink lipstick and rouge for day, and scarlet for evening.

The truly olive type should wear a wine-color lipstick and rouge.

Eyes that are beautiful may compensate for other features that are not perfect, if they are made up properly, and the rouge is put on carefully, as rouge does a great deal to draw attention to the eyes.

For hands that become too tan or freckled in summer there are bleaching-creams which are very efficient.

Another cream must be added to your evening preparation shelf, a cream to make the skin soft and smooth.

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

"OUR PUBLIC"

WE needed snow shovels to get out from under the avalanche of mail that came in last month from our readers! And don't we know now what they think of radio artists and certain radio programs! That's right, get the complaints out of your systems and don't keep the kind words unwritten because even the biggest stars like to know what their listeners really think of them!

Our faces are red, too, but not because we're burned up at the opinions sent in on RADIO MIRROR but because we're blushing at the compliments!

A bunch of aviators in Hawaii wrote that they had gotten hold of a copy and are just aching for the next issue. Isn't that nice? A man from Mexico wanted to have his say about stations in the States. From Cuba, they wrote what they think of broadcasting and us! We certainly do seem to be getting around these days. But don't forget, this RADIO MIRROR is your magazine and we want to get it out just the way you like it best. We added the Pacific Coast pages to please our western readers and got Chase Giles to tell you every month all about what's happening in Chicago.

NOW WE'VE ADDED A SHORT WAVE DEPARTMENT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO TUNE-IN FAR OFF CORNERS OF THE EARTH!

ANYTHING ELSE? If you don't get all you want, just ask for it. CAN WE DO MORE?

How do you feel about the programs this month? Does your radio entertainment give you as much fun and pleasure as ever? Have you a definite complaint to make? Or do you want to throw some more bouquets?

WRITE EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT RADIO BROADCAST PROGRAMS. Have you any suggestions to improve or change them? AND LET US KNOW IF WE'RE STILL PLEASING YOU WITH RADIO MIRROR.

LETTERS MUST BE SENT TO THE CRITICISM CONTEST EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, not later than June 22. LETTERS MUST CONTAIN NOT MORE THAN 200 words. Now don't be afraid to write your mind and don't bother about our feelings at all. We're getting out this magazine for you!

\$20.00 PRIZE

I conduct a small radio repair business and in the course of my excursions into radio fans' homes I have compiled a series of complaints and opinions on modern radio programs. The predominating complaint concerns the inability of successfully blending advertising and entertainment. Sponsored programs always contain just enough long-winded sales talks to detract from the appeal of the program presented. Another big complaint is the presentation of two good programs at the same time by different broadcasting systems. Two really worth while programs are broadcast at the same time when, for hours, before and after, only minor broadcasts are heard. The last but not the least of major complaints is that between the hours of six and seven P. M., when the average family is eating dinner and would appreciate good music, they receive nothing but children's programs. This really should be changed because that "after dinner" period is a big radio spot.

I have recommended RADIO MIRROR to many fans as a guide to programs,—as a good magazine where one can meet his favorites and learn more about them, and, lastly, as a magazine of interest and entertainment. In RADIO MIRROR one gets a dollars worth of magazine for a dime.

CLINTON FAUNCE,
Baltimore, Maryland.

\$10.00 PRIZE

My radio is my best friend, for regardless of my mood, I can always find a program that pleases.

To those who "knock" the lengthy advertisements, I suggest they stop and think (if possible) where their favorite program would be were it not for this advertisement? I purchase as many of the advertised products as possible, because if a product is worthy of offering "real" entertainment free, then my way of showing my appreciation is to purchase the product. I feel every one should say "thank you" in the same manner.

My complaint is for a certain chain to be a little more accurate in timing the closing announcement and the signal for the station to give call letters, because sometimes this is lengthy.

RADIO MIRROR is "the" magazine that will *always* find a very welcome place in my home.

ERMOINE LISSNER,
Lockhart, Texas.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The RADIO MIRROR is a monthly event in our home, we all read it, we all like it; but why not give us one excellent picture of a star each month suitable for mounting.

Radio is being over commercialized. In saying that I realize that the expense of programs must be maintained by the commercial interests, but the cutting up of radio time into fifteen minute intervals is too short for a great number of programs; there are too many programs that use the kiddies for bait to sell their products; announcers and masters of ceremonies are overemphasized; too often one star program is on at the same time as another. But I have no suggestion as to bettering this situation and still afford the splendid entertainment now offered on the air.

ROLAND R. DAVIDSON,
St. Louis, Missouri.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Radio pleases me so mightily, that I make my suggestions in the friendliest spirit.

When broadcasting companies are arranging programs and time schedules, won't they give a thought to working people? There are many evening spots filled with dull studio programs, or recordings. Why not have these during the day, and fill the evening spots with lively, amusing talent? Working people have such a few hours to enjoy their radios.

I'd like to hear a program of reviews and criticisms of current movies. Many people would prefer such a program, to the customary "gossip fests".

I've only one suggestion for improving RADIO MIRROR. That is, to have more pages of "Hot and Airy". How we do love to read newsy human interest stories about our favorites.

In closing—a hearty congratulation on RADIO MIRROR's splendid covers. Having our beloved President's smiling features on the May cover, was an inspiration!

HELEN STAPPENBECK,
San Francisco, California.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Radio Broadcasting would register new heights if sponsors studied their advertising more rigidly. Most sponsors, in their eagerness to sell their product exaggerate its claims. We listeners, like to believe something of what we hear,

BROADCASTING

but no product can create the impossible. No cream can take off ten years in ten minutes, any more than a certain tonic can bring back health in one bottle.

Cutting superlatives on advertising would increase the sincerity of announcers. Often a few well-chosen phrases do the trick and tell the story to a wider audience. I think that poor salesmanship even though wrapped in fine music or drama remains poor salesmanship! Get wise, sponsors!

RADIO MIRROR is an authority on radio entertainment that offers a brimming 10c worth!

JAMES VICTORIN,
Cicero, Illinois.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Permit a wireless operator on the inter-coastal steamship *Sidney M. Hauptman* to venture a criticism of broadcasting, and RADIO MIRROR.

The crew of this ship spend every spare moment "listening in". Naturally, programs are ribbed or praised as individual taste decrees.

The most bitter criticisms attack "smart Aleck" announcers who laugh while listeners wonder what it is all about. I mean the birds who say something *they think* is funny and then *laugh at it themselves*.

The bouquets, from captain to messboy, go to better class programs with professional announcers. It is encouraging to observe a majority of the crew prefer high class music to so-called "popular" entertainment.

In RADIO MIRROR I find a true reflection of broadcasting.

Tell us the story of HOW operas are broadcast. Give a running story of what happens "behind the scenes" in broadcasting an opera directly from the stage.

HENRY J. WIEHR,
Lomita Park, California.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A moment's thought will convince any one that Radio Broadcasting is the most astounding achievement of this marvelous age. I can sit at home and walk with all the great and small personages living. How in the world could one like me who cannot travel and who can not attend theatres and meetings ever know anything about our miraculous world without the radio?

Improvements can be made when the world learns that radios are common property and should be supported by subsidies from the people. We are depending on advertisers now to give us what is really nature's contribution to the human race. Cut out sorry, silly, useless broadcastings and substitute music like the best. Substitute more speeches by leading men and women. Make cheaper receiving sets and batteries for use in the country.

I'll tell you the honest truth, RADIO MIRROR is the only radio magazine that is worthy to be called a magazine. You are O. K. Go ahead and make it still better.

ALICE WISECARVER,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

WATCH FOR RADIO MIRROR'S BIG RADIO STAR CONTEST

Beginning Next Month

FUN—ENTERTAINMENT

BIG CASH PRIZES

A Feature for the Entire Family



A section of the "largest cast on the air," The Hoover Sentinels, heard every Sunday over the NBC airwaves



Vivien Ruth sings love songs old and new on the Happy Wonder Bakers air program

W E H A V E

● S U N D A Y

11:15 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAf and associated stations.

Entertaining folks who've been with you a long time.

12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY CONCERT—Radio City Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.

A real musical treat, easily digested.

1:30 P. M. LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' Orchestra; guest artists. WEAf and associated stations.

A cute little trick in good company.

2:00 P. M. BAR-X DAYS AND NIGHTS—romance of the early West. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.

Draymah of the days when men were men and boasted about it.

2:30 P. M. LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN, with Irving Kaufman. (Old English Floor Wax). WABC and associated stations.

He's not the only lazy one.

3:00 P. M. TALKIE PICTURE TIME—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. WEAf and associated stations.

Now, we'll all go to the movies.

3:00 P. M. SYMPHONIC HOUR with Howard Barlow conducting. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Barlow knows his arrangements.

5:15 P. M. TONY WONS, with Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, piano team. (S. C. Johnson Auto Polish). WABC and associated stations.

The old philosopher has some new ideas.

5:30 P. M. THE HOOVER SENTINELS CONCERT—Edward Davies, baritone; Chicago Capella Choir direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

A delightful period for the late Sunday afternoons.

5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.

This is one time we won't twist the dials.

7:00 P. M. SILKEN STRINGS—guest artist; Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.

How about those smooth, sleek ankles?

7:30 P. M. BAKERS BROADCAST, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist, and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

It looks like a Penner tidal wave and we hope the duck won't get drowned.

7:45 P. M. THE FITCH PROGRAM—WENDALL HALL. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

An entertaining singer with a tricky banjo twang.

8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Jimmy Durante, comedian, and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEAf and associated stations.

Hearing Jimmy's only half the show, unfortunately. You just have to see that face.

8:30 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES—from Los Angeles—Raymond Paige's Orchestra and guest stars. WABC and associated stations.

Once they had Clark Gable and then you heard the best speaking voice the airwaves have ever carried.

9:00 P. M. GULF HEADLINERS—Irving Berlin, the Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

A song maker trying out new ones, and very successfully.

9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

Smoothly timed so as not to make you dizzy.

9:00 P. M. WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE, with guest stars, James Melton, Lean and Mayfield and Green Stripe Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Here's an amusing family, say we.

9:30 P. M. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAf and associated stations.

A pair of pianists we don't want to do without and Mr. Munn has such a swell voice.

Johnny Green, personable young song writer who turned orchestra director on the radio



E A S T E R N D A Y L I G H T

WITH US —

9:30 P. M. **THE JERGENS PROGRAM**—Walter Winchell. WJZ and associated stations. (Andrew Jergens Co.)

Where does he get all that inside stuff?

9:30 P. M. **FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS** (Ford Motor Co.). Also on Thursday night. WABC and associated stations.

If the car's as good as the music, the roads ought to be full of them.

10:00 P. M. **CHEVROLET PROGRAM**—Victor Young and his orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

Pleasant music but we miss Jack Benny.

10:00 P. M. **MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK AND HARVEY HAYS** (Gerber & Co., Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

The grandest old lady who's still a wonderful artist.

10:00 P. M. **WAYNE KING AND HIS ORCHESTRA** (Lady Esther Co.). WABC and associated stations. Also Monday.

Waltz-time that makes you forget all the hi-di-hi business.

10:30 P. M. **HALL OF FAME**—guest artist; orchestra direction of Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEA and associated stations.

An air veteran up to new musical tricks.

10:30 P. M. **"FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"** (The Borden Company). WABC and associated stations.

And it's not long enough for some of us.

11:30 P. M. **BEN POLLOCK** and his Casino de Paree Orchestra from New York. WEA and network.

Time to dance now.

● M O N D A Y

10:00 A. M. **BREEN AND DE ROSE**—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEA and associated stations.

A pair of old favorites we always welcome.

10:15 P. M. **BILL AND GINGER** (C. F. Mueller Co.). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

To make you think of macaroni.

10:15 A. M. **CLARA, LU 'N' EM**—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Those inveterate gossips do go on.

11:15 A. M. **WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA** with Pedro De Cordoba and his family philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

A good orchestra and some advice worth taking.

12:00 Noon **THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE** (Wasey Products, Inc.). Daily except Sunday and also Monday at 3:15 P. M. and Tuesday at 8:15 P. M. WABC and associated stations.

He gets a world of troubles.

2:15 P. M. **ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** (Edna Wallace Hopper, Cosmetics). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

A smoothly-paced serial sketch that holds interest.

5:15 P. M. **SKIPPY**—Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

Yoo-Hoo, Skippy! It's playtime.

5:30 P. M. **THE SINGING LADY**—nursery jingles, songs and stories—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.

More stuff for the kiddies.

5:30 P. M. **JACK ARMSTRONG, The All American Boy** (Wheaties). Daily except Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

To make the children ask for them.

5:45 P. M. **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**—childhood playlet with Shirley Bell and Allan Baruck. (Wander Company). Daily except Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.

Poor little Annie.

6:00 P. M. **BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY**. (Coco-malt). Also Tuesday, Wed. and Thurs. WABC and associated stations.

We'll never know whether they're right.

6:15 P. M. **BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM** (Hecker H-O Cereals). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

The children ought to be healthy after all this.

6:45 P. M. **DIXIE CIRCUS**—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's Orchestra (Dixie drinking cups). WABC and associated stations.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
programs continued on page 72



She's the blues singer of the Showboat Hour
this young Annette Hanshaw with the little voice

Emery Deutch, CBS staff director has blossomed
as a violin soloist on several weekly programs



SAVING TIME

By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

CAN you tell me something about a Jules Lande, the musical director, his age, is he married?—Una G., Freeport, L. I.

He's a violinist, conductor and program director, was born June 6, 1896, is single and has won quite a reputation as a long distance swimmer. O. K.?

Are Raymond Knight's real children in his radio sketch?—Mrs. T. H. M., Boston.

No. Their names are Bobby Jordan and Emily Vass.

Is Gene Arnold an Englishman?—Tom R., Atlanta.

What made you think so? He was born in Newton, Ill.

To settle an argument will you tell us the date of birth of Ethel Shutta and George Olsen?—The Long Twins, Troy, N. Y.

Ethel was born on January 1 and George on March 18 but they won't say what year.

What was the title of Eddie Duchin's theme song when he was not on a commercial program over the Columbia network?—Frank R., Oswego.

That was Eddie's own little brain child, "Be My Lover."

Where will Isham Jones play this summer, and are Eddie Stone and Joe Martin married?—Nelle, Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Jones will serenade at the Ritz Carlton in Atlantic City. Good news! Joe Martin is single and Eddie Stone was married. I said WAS.

Who take the parts of Brad and Marge in "Myrt and Marge"?—Fannie B., Baldwin, N. Y.

Brad is played by Cliff Bunston and Donna Damerell is Marge.

Don't you think Rubinoff plays beautifully? How old is he and is he married?—Gertrude J., Detroit.

My, my, don't the girls worry about Rubinoff's domesticity. Well, he's not married and yes, I think he plays beautifully. He was born in 1898.

We've had a discussion about Rudy Vallee's nationality. My friend says he's of German lineage. Is that right?—B. N. V., Denver.

Your friend's wrong. Rudy's a native New Englander of French Canadian descent.

Why don't we hear more about Walter O'Keefe? I think he's wonderful on the air. Please tell me something about him.—

F. Green, San Antonio.

You and how many others! Walter's a versatile young man who not only sings well but writes good songs, too. He was born August 8, 1900, attended Notre Dame and is married. Does that help?

I read some place a few months ago that Mae West had signed a contract to go on the air every week for some

company but I've never heard anything more about it. Was that correct?—George D., Toledo.

Miss West was negotiating with a sponsor to broadcast weekly from the West Coast but the plans never went through. The scintillating Mae has been heard several times as a guest star, though.

I miss Cab Calloway's music on the radio. Can you tell me whatever happened to him?—Dorothy A., St. Louis.

He has just returned from a tour through Europe and will make a vaudeville tour all over the country for the summer, returning to the club in Harlem next fall. Hi-di-ho!

Do you know anything about a Doris Roche whom I heard broadcasting from Los Angeles several times? Is she a regular radio artist? I liked her voice. Edward W., San Bernardino.

She was an orchestra singer at a Hollywood restaurant and was heard on the air with that program. Her husband is Sammy Cohen, the movie comedian.

Can you tell me who is older, Lanny Ross or Conrad Thibault and is it true that they're both single?—Helen B., Kansas City.

They're both unattached. Conrad is twenty-nine and Lanny's twenty-seven. Did you read the story about Mr. Ross, in the front of the book this month and did you like those grand pictures of him?

I know girls don't like to tell their ages, but can you give me an idea how old Annette Hanshaw is?—J. K., Binghamton, N. Y.

I'll not only give you an idea but the exact date.

She was born on October 18, 1910. Now isn't that service?

I don't think you like Fred Waring because you don't use much on him in your magazine?—V. C., Austin, Tex.

How can you say that if you've been reading RADIO MIRROR. We had a big feature story about him and the boys





WANT

TO

KNOW?

What program does Tiny Ruffner announce besides the "Show Boat" and "The Hour of Smiles"?—MIRROR Reader, Middletown, Pa.

The only other one is the Palmolive Hour.

Phil Duey is my favorite baritone. Is he married?—Bernice F., Worcester, Mass.

Sorry, but he is married and the proud father of James Philip, aged six and Barbara Nell, aged three and a half. But don't get discouraged. There are plenty of bachelors left on the air waves.

Can you tell me from what station I can hear Ted Lewis and his orchestra? I haven't heard him in almost a year when he closed his engagement at the Dell, playing through WBBM, Chicago.—Ralph R. Thompson, Ridgeley, W. Va.

He's not on any of the chain stations at the present time. And thanks for the posies.

I think Jan Garber is a grand orchestra leader. Why don't they use him more? What is he doing now?—H. Z., Seattle.

Garber is now providing the music for the Yeast Foamers on NBC and doing a good job of it, too.

Is it true that Ben Bernie has gone into the movies? Why does he always have a cigar in his mouth when his picture is taken?—G. M. Butte, Mont.

Bernie made one picture for Paramount and they were so pleased with his work, they put him in another right away. The real reason, and don't say we told you, why Bernie is always pictured with a cigar in his mouth is because they never can catch him without one. The maestro uses up twenty-five black cigars a day, not counting those he gives away.

Was Mrs. Bing Crosby an important actress before she married Bing?—Stella R., Philadelphia.

Yes, as Dixie Lee she had risen to the rank of a leading ingenue on the Fox lot, appearing in several of the Movie-tone musical pictures.

Is Father Coughlin off the air permanently?—Thomas H., Montpelier, Vt.

No, he plans to return to the air as soon as possible, probably in the early fall.

Is Eddie Duchin married? I'd hate to think he is because to me his music is wonderful.—Alice Q., New York City.

Eddie's a bachelor, though they do say there are any number of beautiful damsels who would like to be Mrs. Duchin. Now, Alice, what has the fact of a marriage got to do with his music? Are you sure it's his music you think is wonderful?

How can I direct a letter to Lanny Ross?—G. B., Roanoke Va.
Either to the NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York or to the Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

in his orchestra in our March issue called, "Waring of the Blues," to say nothing of half a dozen pictures at various times. We like Waring's music as much as you do. But we've got to give the others a chance, too.

Is Eddie Cantor off the air for good?—Kenneth G., Pittsburgh.

No, and aren't you glad? He's away from the mike while he's making a picture for Samuel Goldwyn out in Hollywood. Just be patient. He'll be back.

Isn't it true that Jack Pearl, the Baron, has only appeared in one picture made in California?—Thomas Davis, Charleston, S. C.

No, he made two films for M-G-M, "Meet the Baron" and he also appears in "Hollywood Party". Come again.

Looking over the RADIO MIRROR, I came upon a picture of Jack Whiting and it said he was the young step-father of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Does that mean he married Mr. Fairbanks' first wife?—Doris E., Frederick, Md.

The present Mrs. Jack Whiting was Beth Sully, who married Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., divorced him later and then he married Mary Pickford. So of course Jack is young Doug's step-father.

What is the name of the song that Peter de Rose wrote which was featured in a Broadway show?—Marguerite T., the Bronx, N. Y.

"Wagon Wheels", featured in the Ziegfeld Follies.

I understand Harry Richman is coming back on the air. Is it true that he is still in love with Clara Bow? And what program will he sing for?—Genevieve V., Baltimore.

Be yourself. Do you honestly think Richman still loves Clara Bow? You ought to read Alice in Wonderland again. Just the same he's a good air performer and he's now with Conoco program Wednesdays over the NBC chain.

We'll tell you more about him later.

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City



Dialing the



Short waves

NO matter how blasé you are, you can get a thrill every time you turn on your short wave set.

Do you like detective stories? There are a thousand true ones being enacted right before you, with all the excitement of the chase—the war of society against organized crime.

Do you like to meet new people—to hear their ideas? Are you interested in the technical side of radio? Do you enjoy comedy dialogue? All of these are given to you by the amateurs, those boys and girls who operate radio stations not for profit, but for the sheer fun of it.

Do you get a kick out of tuning-in far distant stations? Does the music of foreign lands beckon you? Do you like to get practise on languages? Dozens of stations all over the world await the turn of your dial.

Or are you a busybody, who likes to pry into other people's business? Even then the short waves are your best field, for code messages await the eager interceptor.

Now you want to know how these programs are to be found. Assuming that you have a good short wave or all-wave set, and an efficient antenna installation, we'll start at 200 meters and gradually work our way downward, into the shorter waves.

Right below the broadcasting stations, you'll find some police. Those in Framingham, Mass., and East Lansing, Mich., use the 1574 kilocycle

(190 meter) wave, and a step below them, on 175 meters (1712 kilocycles) are the police departments of Chicago, Ill., Arlington and Somerville, Mass., Houston, Dallas, Wichita Falls and Beaumont, Tex., Providence, R. I., Lexington, Ky., Pasadena and Los Angeles, Calif., Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

After passing another group of amateurs, holding phone conversations on the 75 to 77 meter (2900—4000 kilocycle) band, you may, if you are both lucky and skillful, get station RW15 in Khabarovsk, Siberia, or HVJ in Vatican City.

The Soviet station is one of the most powerful short wave transmitters outside the United States. It uses 20,000 watts on the 4273 kilocycle (70.2 meter) wave, and is scheduled daily from 3:00 A. M. to 9:00 A. M., Eastern Standard Time.

The Italian station's schedule calls for broadcasts at 2:00 P. M. daily, but the programs are planned to run for only fifteen minutes, so your set must be quickly tuned to 5968 kilocycles (50.21 meters) if you hope to hear it. Its power is 10,000 watts.

Some eighteen more stations are crowded into the next band, from 6000 to 6140 kilocycles (50 to 48.86 meters). Their locations range all the way from Moscow to Montreal; from New York to Nairobi; from (Continued on page 67)



BY GLOBE

TWISTERS

The Beautiful Stooge

(Continued from page 13)

That Mrs. Toots stuff wouldn't make a bad gag. Still, most waitresses on Broadway had a few stock lines and this girl was probably just another dumb sister. Pretty, though. But with just a dollar in his pocket, there wasn't much use in being too friendly. He gave the rest of his order and there were no more comments from the girl.

He began his serious thinking.

For at least two years Toby had planned most of his engagements on the sidewalk in front of the Palace. And now even that spot, long sacred to vaudeville performers who were "resting" had lost its charm. The Palace, once the heaven of vaudeville folks, was now a movie theatre.

In the past year new words and phrases had crept into conversations in front of the Palace. Take this word 'audition' for example. Everybody was having auditions. Instead of try-outs at Loew's in Jersey City one had an audition in a broadcasting studio, where one did an act before a strange thing called a microphone. Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn had led the parade of Broadway celebrities to those mysterious broadcasting studios. Burns and Allen, who weren't exactly sensational in vaudeville, became nationally known in radio. Performers who had never even played the Palace, got radio jobs, developed something called 'mike technique' and became famous.

TOBY had gone to see Mose Miller, his agent, about this radio stuff.

"This radio racket won't last long" Toby had declared, "but you better get me in on some of it, Mose."

Mose shook his head.

"It's going to last" he said. "Look at the talkies. Everybody said they were just a craze. But just look at 'em. Same in radio. Trouble is I can't help you. I know the guys in the booking offices but to get radio jobs you got to know fellers in advertising agencies. You better see if you can't get on some small station and get some experience, Toby."

Toby was shocked!

"Me on a small station with Jack Benny and the Marxes and them others on coast-to-coast hook-ups. I played the Palace once. I'm as good as them guys any day."

He had meant it, too, and he would have been a headliner in a few years if terrible things hadn't happened to vaudeville.

"Wish I could help you, Toby" Mose repeated. "I'm joining a golf club where a lot of advertising men play all the time but it's going to be six months before I get on the inside track of this radio booking stuff. Come back and see me then. Say," Mose added suddenly, "You're married, ain't you?"

Toby nodded.

"Better get hold of your wife, then," said Mose, "and figure on writing her into any radio act you do. Wives is lucky on the air. Gracie Allen is George Burns' wife, Cantor can't do a program without talking about Ida and

"The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart... *but in your head!*"



IMAGINARY FEARS RACED CONSTANTLY THROUGH THIS PATIENT'S MIND
AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF PROPER MARRIAGE HYGIENE



Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

"'Doctor... it's heart trouble'... these were her first grim words as she walked in.

"And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!

"'The trouble, madame,' I said, 'is not with your heart but in your head.'

"Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

"The best and simplest technique of

marriage hygiene is the "Lysol" method.

"Lysol" antiseptic, in proper dilution, used as a hygienic measure regularly, is perfect for this purpose."

(Signed) DR. HELENE STOURZH

"Lysol" is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, pursues them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

"Lysol" kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Whenever they must be sure they turn to "Lysol."

To married women, the use of "Lysol" assures perfect cleanliness, a refreshing sense of well-being.

Lysol
Disinfectant

Let "Lysol" guard the family health. Doctors order "Lysol" in cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria. Also as protection against influenza, tonsillitis, grippe, common colds. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol" after every illness.



Facts every married woman should know
Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure—"Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired.

- ☐ Preparation for Motherhood
- ☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. L 7
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1934



"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights—10:30 E D S I . . W E A F and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up

look at Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa or Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone."

Toby had left Mose, and after talking to a few other agents, decided he'd figure out his own career in radio.

He made an amazingly shrewd analysis of the whys and wherefores of radio comedians. Unlike vaudeville, radio meant a new act every week. Fresh and untested material. Therefore, a performer needed a good writer.



Toby Malone

Toby was appearing. It rained in Dallas that week and somehow or another, when Toby left Dallas, Eunice was Mrs. Malone. It didn't last long as a working arrangement. Eunice had her 'career' and they separated. A divorce was expensive and didn't seem necessary so they hadn't bothered. Toby didn't even know where Eunice was. He had last heard of her as a minor principal in a musical comedy in Chicago. At any rate, Eunice wouldn't fit into the radio idea. Eunice thought she could sing and Toby knew she couldn't.

He had decided Mose was right. A wife was necessary and he planned his whole campaign for a radio contract on that "wife" and on a material writer. Today he had to find the wife.

Quite a few people were lunching in Le Pierrot. Toby caught snatches of conversation.

"We're booked from 8:30 to 9:00 on a twenty-three station network" came from one table.

"NBC couldn't see Morton Downey but Columbia took a chance and look what happened—" from another.

This, apparently, was a radio hang-out. Just luck that he'd happened in there. Toby considered it a good sign. There were half a dozen pretty girls in the place. Toby wondered if they'd had radio experience. What would they say if he walked up to one and said:

"Will you be my wife?"

Of course, he could explain but it would probably be difficult and the girl would think he was crazy or something.

The onion soup arrived. Toby took another look at his waitress. She was a pretty thing with dark red hair and features that made one think of the pictures of the best-looking society girl in the rotogravures.

Perhaps she *was* a society girl who had lost her fortune, Toby thought.

"Listen" said Toby, "Haven't I seen your pictures in the papers?"

"Please" said the waitress, "Don't expect me to fall for that one. The answer is in a funny paper, isn't it?"

"Gosh" said Toby, "you do know the answers!"

"The only answer I know is 'no'," said the red head quietly—and left Toby with his onion soup.

Toby continued to glance at his neighbors. At a table just opposite him were two men. One was tall, slightly hawk-nosed and had a tiny, straggling blonde mustache. He was dressed in a rough tweed that had an unpressed but expensive look. His companion, short and dapper, might have been a bond salesman in the days when there were bond salesmen.

The two men had finished their meal and Toby had heard the man in tweeds order brandy twice. Finally the dapper man got up. The tweeded one protested and remained at the table but his companion left.

Toby had finished his onion soup and by now had almost finished the main course. He ordered coffee from



Margy Wayne

the red-headed waitress and then glanced across the table to see the man in tweeds grinning at him. Toby grinned back. The man, picking up his brandy glass, arose and crossed to Toby's table.

"I say" he said, in an accent that was more Oxford than Harvard, "D'you mind if I sit down?"

"Go ahead, old timer" Toby invited. The man might be interesting.

"Join me in a brandy?" the visitor asked.

Toby started to accept then remembered he couldn't afford to make the same offer. He shook his head.

"That's terrible. Really, it's terrible" said the man in tweeds. "Drinking alone is a horrible habit but I do want to drink. Just one, old chap, just to keep me company." He beckoned to the waitress.

"Two more brandies" he ordered. He smiled at her and she smiled back.

Toby mentioned that it was a nice day.

"Silly remark, that," said the man in tweeds. "Just intended to break the jolly old conversational ice. But bother the conventions. My name is Augustus Octavius Blake. My father, a dear old chap, had a liking for those illustrious Romans and hung the name on me. Call me Gus."

"I'm Toby Malone. Perhaps you've seen my act?" Toby was sure he had—but hoped for a compliment.

"Uh . . . actor chap, eh? No . . . haven't seen it. With the Theatre Guild, perhaps?"

"No" said Toby, mentally deciding the man was dumb after all. "Not this season. I'm . . . I'm auditioning just at present."

"Auditioning . . . uh . . . that means being heard, doesn't it? Tweeds reached for his brandy and peered at Toby as he warmed the glass in his hands.

"Yes . . . for radio, you know. I'm a radio comedian. Expect to sign a big contract any day now." Toby hoped the guy wasn't too familiar with radio.

Augustus Octavius regarded Toby solemnly.

"Imagine" he said, "Meeting one of those radio persons. It's a limited hemisphere, isn't it?"

"Huh?" said Toby.

"Small world, after all, you know."

That sounded pretty good to Toby. He chuckled. Jack Benny would have used that line.

"Drink your brandy and we'll have another," commanded Gus. He waved at the waitress.

"I say," he continued, "do you want to hear a good joke. You can use it if you like!"

Toby did. Perhaps he could turn the story over to his material writer—if he ever found one.

It was a good story. Toby laughed and his companion told another.

"Do you know a lot like that?" Toby asked, scratching his nose and trying not to seem too interested.

"Dozens of them," said Augustus Octavius, who by now had absorbed three more brandies and had persuaded Toby to have another one. "Did you ever hear about—" and he started another yarn.

"That was swell. Listen—are you a material writer?" Toby asked.

"A what?"

"A gag man. A man who writes jokes and comedy lines for a comic" Toby explained. He looked at Augustus carefully. He wasn't sure whether he was being kidded or not.

"I'm afraid not. Matter of fact, I'm a professor of Greek philosophy but temporarily unengaged," Augustus Octavius explained.

"Oh," said Toby. "A professor! Gee, prof . . . you'd make a swell gag man!"

"Rather! Several chaps I'd enjoy gagging . . ."

"That's good . . . we can use that, too, maybe . . . Prof—you're just the man I need!"

"Employment?" queried Professor Gus.

And Toby explained. The professor listened intently and managed to absorb another brandy while he listened.

"Splendid," said the professor. "You're going to be one of those funny radio fellows and I'm to write funny things for



Augustus Octavius Blake

you to say. My word. What fun! Of course, I'll do it . . ."

Tony remembered how little change there would be from that dollar. . . .

"Uh . . . I could pay you a salary," he said, "but I imagine you'd rather work on a percentage."

"That's customary, I imagine," said the professor, nodding his head solemnly. "Very good."

"Ten per cent." said Toby quickly . . . "And when you stop to consider that radio comedians are paid up to five thousand a week, that's pretty good money."

"Five hundred a week. My word! And just for jotting down funny sayings. It's marvellous."

"Though I may not get quite that to start . . . perhaps just a thousand." Toby tried to make this sound like a remote possibility.

"Still jolly . . . a hundred a week sounds very interesting at the moment."

"Good" said Toby, sticking his hand across the table. "It's a deal. Now we've got to get busy and put together an audition script."

They shook hands solemnly and wandered out of Le Pierrot together—Professor Gus almost prancing and not too much the worse for six or seven brandies.

THREE days later they went again to Le Pierrot. During those three days they had been busy. Professor Gus had been writing and re-writing that audition script. Toby, incapable of creating a line of original material, knew comedy when he read it and edited and again edited the efforts of the professor. It was necessary to negotiate a few loans. In the meantime Toby scampered around Broadway looking for a 'wife' and also spent hours each day trying to see the program manager of the Consolidated Broadcasting Company.

That morning everything had happened at once. Toby had arrived at CBC at just the right time. The program board had decided that CBC must find and develop another radio comedian because all that advertisers seemed to want were comedians. Charles Lorton, the program manager, decided to talk to Toby and after hearing his earnest plea for a chance, set an audition date.

Things move fast in radio and when Toby declared he could go on the air at an hour's notice, Lorton set the audition for three o'clock that afternoon.

At eleven o'clock that morning, Toby had yet to find his 'wife'. And the script was written for a 'wife'. At ten minutes after eleven he met Feather Blane, a chorus girl Toby remembered Feather had danced in an Ed Wynn show and was funny at parties. If anybody knew comedy Feather ought to know it.

He didn't waste a moment in explaining the situation. Feather had immediate dreams of a glamorous career on the air and agreed to meet Toby and the professor at Le Pierrot at one o'clock.

"We'll get a table in the corner and run over the lines there. We get the

AND TO THINK THEY USED TO CALL ME SKINNY



SKINNY? NEW EASY WAY ADDS POUNDS

so fast you're amazed

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times, iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid attractive flesh—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, handsome flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining good-looking pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs get husky, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some inferior imitation. Insist on the genuine "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 227 Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional models

studio for a half hour before the real audition so we can rehearse," Toby explained.

"I'll be there," Feather promised and left Toby to buy some new silk stockings. These radio executives were probably human like anyone else, she thought.

At ten minutes past one the professor had his first brandy and Toby decided he didn't want anything quite as filling as onion soup. At one thirty the professor was sipping his third brandy and had thought up two new gags for the audition script. He pencilled them in.

At ten minutes past two Toby realized he had his audition in fifty minutes and was due at CBC for a rehearsal in twenty minutes. Still no 'wife'. Then the telephone rang. The red-haired waitress answered it and came to Toby's table. He jumped to the 'phone before she had a chance to speak.

Toby was literally tearing his hair when he returned.

"We're sunk," he wailed. "Feather just 'phoned to say she can't get here.

She's got a job as a fan dancer in Philadelphia and has to catch the three o'clock train."

"Two double brandies," the professor ordered.

"Listen prof", Toby pleaded . . . "Don't drink any more. We got to get to this audition. I'll go on without a wife. I'll do a single . . . a monologue. You've got to write the whole script in twenty minutes."

"Wait," said the professor, "I have an inspiration. Here it comes!"

The waitress arrived with the double brandies.

"Professor, please," Toby almost had tears in his eyes. His chance was gone for sure if the professor disturbed his delicate balance between the ability to write fluently and being just plain tight.

"My dear," said the professor, addressing the waitress, "What is your name?"

The waitress looked startled.

"Margy," she said. "Margy Wayne."

"And how soon are you through with

your duties here?"

"I'm supposed to be through now," she said, "But—"

"Splendid," said the professor, "Get your hat and coat or whatever it is you wear. You really must help us out!"

"But," Margy began. . . .

"Chance for a great career, my dear," the professor said gently. "And you can trust us. Look at us carefully! Now, you know you can trust us! Hurry . . . now . . . we have only ten minutes."

"Professor!" Toby wailed. "She ain't in the business. She ain't an actress . . . why . . . why . . . she'll ruin everything. . . ."

"Shhhh," said the professor solemnly. "Just trust Gus . . . Gus never failed a friend yet . . . and titian-haired damsels have always been lucky in our family."

Will Toby get his air contract? Who'll get the red-head? Follow the thrilling adventures in radioland of this amazing trio. Romance! Drama! Heartbreaks! Success? In August RADIO MIRROR.

I Speak for Myself

(Continued from page 25)

enemies. Thousands of favors were asked me, most of them literally impossible to grant. Young composers would send me their songs to sing over the air, would-be singers wrote me asking to arrange auditions! Charity was always knocking at my door. In the beginning, I could not bear to turn anyone away, but Ted Collins told me that if I kept it up the Kate Smith bank account would be zero! He did some investigating, and proved to me that a great deal of the money I gladly gave was not used wisely—and that I was being something of a "sucker." He finally took complete charge of my finances—and none of the money I earn can be drawn by me without his added signature!

I found a number of rumors cropping up about me everywhere, another disadvantage of whatever fame I can claim! Lots of people asserted that they "knew me when". Squelching all those stories would have been a full-time job! One of the favorite yarns was that I used to sing in low-down night clubs. Well, the only experience I had as a night club singer were College Inn, Chicago, for two weeks during the engagement of "Flying High" in that city, also appearances at the Central Park Casino in New York, during my second year of broadcasting!

My two and a half years on the air—crammed with every conceivable kind of activity—were attendance-perfect with the exception of missing one broadcast. I slipped up on one unavoidably during a trip to Virginia to attend Admiral Byrd's farewell party. My health stood under the strain remarkably, but I have a tendency toward sinus trouble! In 1932 I caught a cold which hung on persistently, but Ted solved the problem by setting up a temporary broadcasting studio at Lake Placid! Nat Brusiloff, Ted, Mrs. Col-

lins and myself dashed up there for a vacation combined with work. The only thing Ted forgot was to supply an announcer—but as usual he conquered the emergency—conquered it by announcing my programs himself! He was so successful in this capacity, that he remained my announcer throughout our La Palina contract.

We made a long jump across the continent to Hollywood for "Hello Everybody," my first picture. I was thrilled, and although I worked hard I had a marvelous time. Ted, Mrs. Collins and I rented Monte Blue's beautiful house in Beverly Hills. There was a swimming pool and tennis court on the estate, and we all spent as much time in the sunshine as possible.

Without a doubt the biggest social event of my life was the party the film folks gave for me at "Cocoanut Grove." I am quite a movie fan myself, so it was a thrill and a joy to meet so many of the stars. I am sure I was as curious as a high school kid to find out whether they resembled the characters they played on the screen.

While I was on the coast, I invested in some specially designed clothes. Oh, I adored them! They included evening clothes, street dresses, and a baby-lamb coat with a turban hat of the same fur! Simply made, but the lines were excellent. I lost all these treasures in a recent fire at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where I was vacationing for two weeks during my tour of the West with my show, "The Swanee Review". It has just broken my heart, because I have so little time to shop, and acquiring a complete wardrobe of clothes I liked was a real relief. Well, I'll just have to start all over again!

This fall my appointment by President Roosevelt as Chairman of the NRA for Radio, Stage and Screen was without a doubt the greatest honor

ever conferred on me. I am proud of my job, and take it very seriously. I added forty people to my payroll to work on NRA projects!

When I left the radio late in 1933, I know there were many conjectures about why I abandoned the airwaves. I did it, truthfully, to have a change! Ted had received marvelous offers from vaudeville theaters all over the country, and I thought it would be a lot of fun to troupe around through the West and get acquainted with some of my friends first-hand.

Well, it *was* fun, after several years of a steady diet of Manhattan life. We had some "Swanee Review" scenery made, with a specially constructed moon which was to rise over a "prop" mountain at the end of the show. Ted and Jack Miller organized a seventeen-piece orchestra, tap dancers, an impersonator and a rope twirler were added to our 52-minute show—and we started off for the West in three special cars! Four and five shows a day has kept me jumping, but I am homesick for radio, and may be back on the air by the time these words of mine are in print!

After hearing about the wild and woolly west, it was a great thrill for me to meet Chief Conoco and the Winnebago Indians—who inducted Ted and me into the tribe as Hom'b-o-goo-winga, and Ma-xi-jus-ka (Glory of the Morn and Red Cloud). One of my favorite souvenirs is the pair of baby beaded moccasins which Mrs. Black Wolf gave me!

Every once in a while a story crops up about how much I want to retire and "get away from it all". That, if I may say so plainly, is just "cock-eyed". I love the excitement of this life, and would be lost if I had to be a home-girl! Of course there are times when I feel that I would like nothing better than to be stranded on a desert island

with no songs to sing, and chocolate sundaes growing on trees—but most of the time I get a great kick out of being Kate Smith.

Of course, some day I expect to be married, and to have a home of my own—a nice big stone house in mountainous country—but that day is still far in the future. In the meantime I want to go on singing as long as folks like to hear me sing! And rain or shine, you can depend on me to bring my moon over the mountain!

The End

The Famous Are Fans, Too

(Continued from page 21)

and Budd, for instance, because of their unprofessional, pleasantly awkward manner like that of one's own good-natured friends who do parlor entertaining. I enjoy Lowell Thomas and Harlan Eugene Read among commentators. The reports of the Byrd Expedition are exciting but I wonder if they are worth risking so many lives to have.

"I often find interesting broadcasts late at night after the time devoted to advertising is ended. Among these are One Man's Family which comes from California and John Erskine on the Lively Arts program.

"Only one act so far has made me really blush. It's called 'Your Lover' and is done by one of those he-man singers, who chants love songs to the women in the afternoon when their menfolks are away. He commands the 'girls' to come close so that he can put his arms around them, makes kissing sounds and breathes hard as if overcome by emotion!"

WHILE you're recovering from that last picture, let me introduce Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, well-known both in welfare work and society. Mrs. Breckinridge, mother of two attractive children, was one of the famous De Acosta women, all of them great beauties. Mr. Breckinridge is Charles Lindbergh's attorney. Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Breckinridge speaking to you from a table in the restaurant of the Colony Club.

"Has anybody made a study of what constitutes radio personality? (she asks) I should think such a study would be important since so much depends upon personality. To me, for instance, opera on the radio fails because it needs the visible personality of the singer to put it over. In the same way, certain comedians need to be seen to be appreciated. Will Rogers made me roar with laughter on the stage but leaves me cold when I hear him on the radio.

"Most announcers, though, work hard, too hard at being personalities. They sound as if they had spent hours declaiming their pieces in the rehearsal room. At that, though, I'd rather have men than women announcers. Women's speaking voices over the air are usually terrible.

"Because of that intangible aerial 'it'

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

Maybelline



STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. 10c sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown, Blue.



The Approved Mascara

or lack of it, some politicians will be wrecked by radio while others are made. President Roosevelt has been made. But if a certain prominent public man whose name I won't mention, is wise, he will take to the air as seldom as possible. His voice, which in ordinary speech is quite normal, comes over my receiving set as an unpleasant whiny falsetto.

"Dr. Raymond Fosdick on Sunday afternoon supplies my favorite program of the week. There's personality for you! And inspiration and power! The other day, I took an earlier train home from Washington than I intended so that I might not miss the Fosdick hour. I have known my eighteen-year-old daughter to stay in Sunday afternoons for the same reason.

"Incidentally, I'd love to know how much of the average sponsor's product is actually sold by radio advertising. My children used to call an orchestra that they liked very much by the name of the cigarette that paid for it on the air but I never saw either of them buy or smoke the cigarette. Apparently, they didn't make the connection. Do most listeners?"

Well, I'm not sure, and I suppose the sponsors wonder, too. Or maybe they know by now. Meantime, we have with us Will Irwin, president of the Author's Guild, famous war correspondent when there is a war, and just as famous for his peace-time articles on personality, politics and economics when there isn't. Mr. Irwin is also the husband of Inez Haynes Irwin, illustrious novelist and short-story writer who during the course of Mr. Irwin's remarks will, after the way of wives, interpolate a few sentiments of her own.

The Irwins are speaking to you from the charming drawing room of their house in Greenwich Village, furnished in priceless early American antiques. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin!

"Sightless drama is still in search of a form—(says Mr. Irwin). The radio industry is now doing what the motion picture industry did for a long time—paying out enormous sums for acting and little or nothing for script. The result is that its drama is almost entirely melodrama, and therefore on an unreasonably low plane. But that will end and in time to come we'll laugh heartily at our present attempts just as we now whoop unrestrainedly when for a stunt some theatre runs off an early one-reeler. The silent films were years finding the way to make our imaginations supply sound. The radio has an equally difficult task in stimulat-

ing the imagination to supply sight.

"ALTHOUGH I'm sure the time is near when the President of the United States will speak to the country on national affairs at least once a week, I don't believe that statesmen and orators have yet learned to use the radio to full advantage. Most of them still talk as they did when the audience could see their gestures and facial expression.

"Music is done better. Broadcasting has had longer practice at that."

Voice of Mrs. Irwin: "If I were not a writing woman, I'd keep my radio on all day so that I wouldn't miss any treasures in the way of either music or speech. What you get is so marvelous that it makes staying at home fascinating. As an artist, it appeals to me, too, that any number of people who haven't the figure or face for public appearances can make good on the air. Also that we can have our retired actors and actresses with us again. I sat and cried with joy when Julia Marlowe was put on not long ago. Her voice was so beautiful."

Mr. Irwin resuming: "While radio on the whole has grown steadily in taste, in some cases and on some stations there seems to be still a premium on bad taste and especially on sloppy English. Apparently that is a concession to the fact that as a people we are deliberately careless about our speech. Anybody who sounds as if he were college-bred is instantly under a handicap. In this case, however, I think the radio should defy public taste and build up a national ear that would demand better phonetics. That would be to everybody's advantage in the end."

Voice of Mrs. Irwin: "Radio will change our language anyway. I predict that it will produce a new kind of English, more direct, briefer and always to the point. Ramblers aren't allowed even now on the air."

That's true enough—just see how radio has revolutionized after-dinner speaking!

And now I have the pleasure of introducing Miss Lena Madelin Phillips, lawyer and head of the National Council of Women, a clearing house for American women's organizations with their thousands of members. Miss Phillips, who is one of the staunchest warriors I know in any cause for right or justice, speaks to you from her office desk, piled high with reports and letters from women all over the world. Miss Phillips:

"MUCH as I like radio, I must admit that there are some programs

whose appeal I cannot understand, (she begins). Mind you, I don't object in the least to simplicity. It's false sentimentality and cheapness that I deplore. I find these defects not so much in what is said or sung as in the manner of its doing. So many voices on the air today are hard-boiled and common. So many women who talk to women adopt a sentimental, patronizing air. So many jokes are old and stupid when they ought to be fresh and new.

"This all seems to me the essence of vulgarity. I don't mind at all if women want to hear a good crooner, or recipes for making catsup, or directions for manicuring their finger-nails. These things can all be done with taste. But too often they are done with none.

"It is not a question of morals that I am bringing up, but of an underlying lack of culture. The broadcasters underrate, I think, the sensibilities of their audience. If there is a station censorship for obscenity and radicalism, why can't there be one for cheapness as well? The situation could be remedied at the top and radio would gain just as the motion picture people have gained by doing away with crude slapstick.

"In some ways, of course, the radio has already had a tremendous cultural effect, especially in increasing musical knowledge. Thousands of adults who never heard of Wagner two years ago now know all about him. Radio art does not wait for you to find it; it comes into the home to get you—is actually art in pursuit of the individual.

"Broadcasting has had, too, an enormous effect on the general knowledge of public affairs and international relationships. To hear the voice of a statesman from across the ocean does something to you that merely reading the speech never could.

"I like music best of all radio features—that is, good music and by that I don't necessarily mean the classics. Only we do seem to have too many barber shop minors that don't mesh, too many crooners off key, too many unresolved sevenths!

"One of the things that I particularly resent when I am enjoying a really good program of music, is to have, every fifteen minutes, something completely distracting and spell-destroying thrown in about the sponsor's product. I don't object to advertising. I realize we must have it, just as we must have it in magazines and newspapers, to pay for the rest—but I do wish there were some way to have it without disturbing the program!"

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 9)

Ruth Russell, "Nancy" in "Just Plain Bill," is one of radio's smallest actresses, weighing 103 pounds . . . A shoemaker in uptown New York advertises on his shop window: "Uncle to Russ Columbo" . . . Eddie Cantor, in California to make his annual picture for Samuel Goldwyn, will return to the Chase & Sanborn Hour late in September or early October . . . Will Rogers hasn't been

in a night club since he worked in one for the late Flo Ziegfeld and that was the "Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam Theatre . . . Nick Lucas the troubadour, has been crooning on the air since 1921. He began with Ted Fiorito's orchestra at the Edgewater Beach hotel, Chicago.

George Burns and Gracie Allen should be sunning themselves on the

Riviera when this appears in print . . . They will resume their broadcasts in the fall from Hollywood . . . which reminds Mercury of a gag Gracie pulled on Nat, as she calls her husband . . . "Oh, Nat," she cried, running up to him breathlessly, "I just heard something Ducky": . . . "What was it, Gracie"? he asked eagerly . . . "Quack! Quack!", quacked Gracie . . . Poor Nat, it must be tough

living with such a nut, but come to think about it, he doesn't seem to be losing any weight worrying.

May Singhi Breen, the Ukulele Lady, and Peter De Rose, the composer, this month are observing their eleventh anniversary on the air . . . Edith Murray is half-Spanish, her right tag being Fernandez . . . Jimmy Wallington is partner in a restaurant in the Radio City development . . . Don Voorhees was organist and choirmaster of an Allentown (Pa.) church when he was 12 . . . Nancy Garner, a niece of Vice-President Garner, is back on NBC after filling a radio engagement in her native state of Texas . . . The Four Eton Boys are all from Missouri, not the English college for boys. Charles and Jack Day, brothers, were originally vaudeville acrobats. Art Gentry and Earl Smith, the other members of the quartet, have always been singers.

* * *

Her fan mail having grown so, Irene Rich has been given a private office and a secretary in the RCA Building in Radio City. The first day in her new quarters a bootblack shuffled in. "Humph," he exclaimed, looking around disdainfully, "this used to be my stand." He disappeared before Miss Rich could interrogate him and she's still wondering if it was a gag.

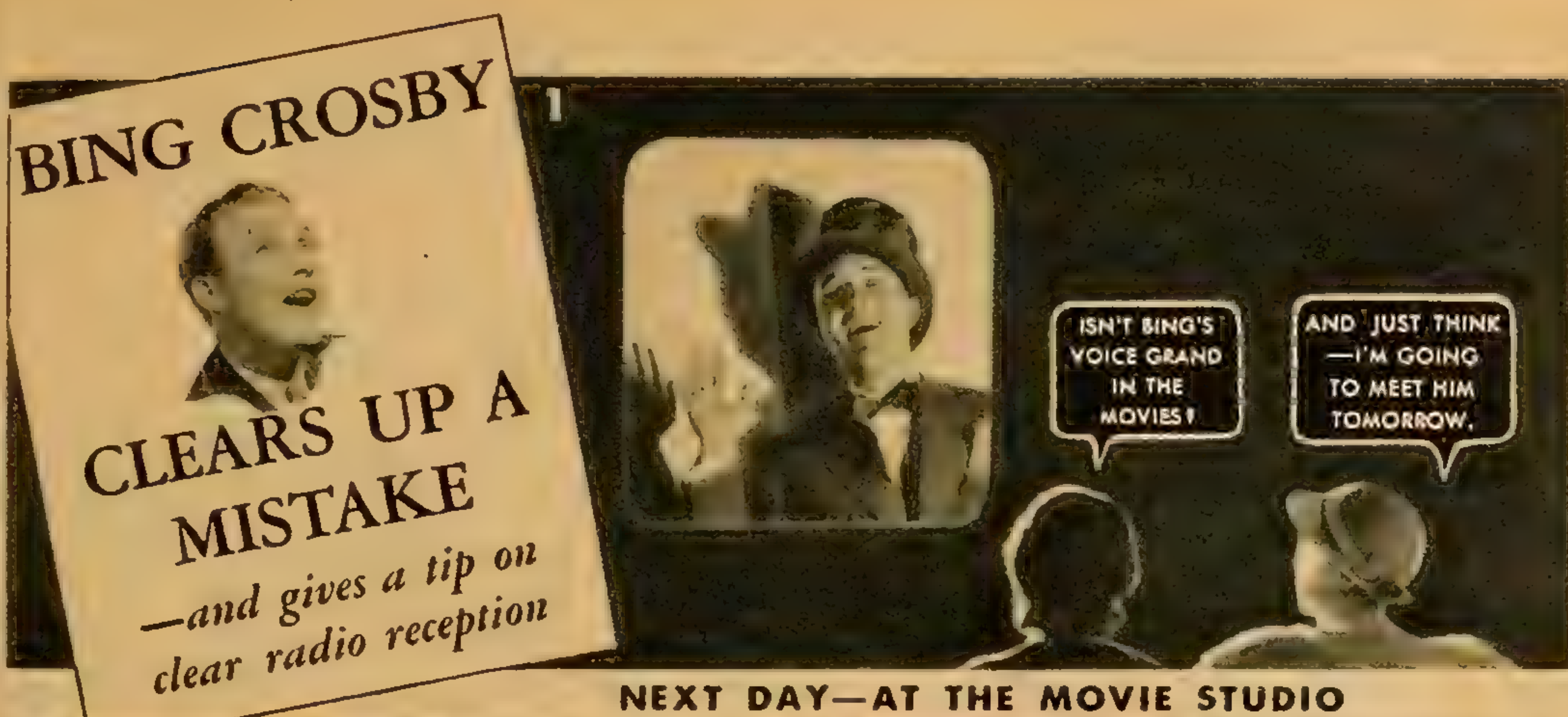
* * *

SAYS THE MONITOR MAN

Those light operas presented on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre program require on an average of thirty-five hours to rehearse. This is a record for preparation in radio . . . Howard Marsh has a pet monkey which he calls "Joe Marsh" . . . writers of fan mail have great difficulty getting Boake Carter's unusual first name right. They address him more frequently than any other way as "Bloke," "Beau," "Bo," "Vogt" and "Vogue" . . . Lennie Hayton, the youthful bandman, observes that in a restaurant one man's meat is another man's hash . . . Claire Majette, the vivacious French songstress, won't sign a contract unless it's raining . . .

Andre Kostelanetz was 20 when he left his native Petrograd to come to America. Although the city of his birth is now Leningrad, the conductor persists in referring to it by the name it bore under the Czarist regime . . . A blue silk handkerchief once the property of the late David Belasco is now the proud possession of Eddie Duchin. Morris Gest, Belasco's son-in-law gave it to the youthful maestro on his birthday . . . Gene Lester, young baritone heard with Major Bowes on the Capitol Family program, is a former newspaper photographer.

With all her experience Jeannie Lang still has to fight off the jitters every time she faces the mike . . . Harry McNaughton, Bottle, the bungling butler with Phil Baker, is squiring an Evanston, Ill., girl . . . Billy Artzt, conductor of the Ward Family Theatre program, has an old pair of shoes which he always wears when he gives an audition, believing them good luck. Bought in 1923 it is Billy's boast they have never since been shined . . . Muriel Pollock and Vee



NEXT DAY—AT THE MOVIE STUDIO



GET RADIO AT ITS BEST WITH MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES

THERE'S a new thrill in store for you when you replace old tubes with these new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes. For true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. RCA Radio Tubes give you "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your dealer test your tubes today. Replace worn tubes with the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 big improvements:

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Who discovered EX-LAX?



WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.



Lawnhurst, "The Ladybug" pianists, have been partners eight years. Both are well known composers . . . Gus Arnheim, the bandmaster, was at one time piano accompanist for Sophie Tucker in vaudeville . . .

* * *

When two Greeks get together they open up a restaurant but when two radio comics meet they start boasting about their collections of old jokes. Chatting with Ed Wynn in Radio City, Jack Pearl mentioned off-hand that he had just bought a library of 850,000 gags. "I picked up another half million yesterday, too," quickly declared The Fire Chief. "Say," protested Pearl, "I thought I was the Baron."

* * *

DOMESTIC DISCORD DEPARTMENT

Well, Frances Harriet Burn is divorced. What? Never heard of her? Oh yes, you have. Mercury told you months ago she would apply to the courts for separation from her spouse—and she did. For Frances Harriet Burn is Alice Joy, "the Dream Girl," to you listeners. Her husband, or rather her former husband now that the ties have been severed, is Captain Eldon B. Burn, of the British Royal Flying Corps during the World War. The grounds were desertion and the custody of two children, Bruce, aged 6, and Lois, aged 5, was awarded to the mother.

About the same time Harriet Hilliard got an annulment of her marriage to Roy Smedley, the comedian, which puts, as the saying goes, two charming radio singers back into circulation. But Radio Row expects Ozzie Nelson, the singing maestro, to remove one of the Harriets (last name, Hilliard from this category).

But that isn't all the radio folks who have been telling their troubles to the judge. Eugene F. Carroll and Glen Rowell, whom you know as Gene and Glenn, were divorced the same day in Cleveland. Both had filed suits alleging desertion but withdrew them to permit their wives to obtain separation on other grounds. That involved alimony, property settlements, the assigning of children to the mothers and other complications but again puts "Jake and Lena" on the loose. So, fan letters now will be written under different inspiration.

And we mustn't forget that Hugo Mariani and his pretty Hungarian sculptress wife, Elena Barbu, are having difficulties, too. Hugo, you know, used to be general musical director of NBC before Frank Black, the incumbent and his predecessor, Erno Rapee. Mr. Mariani after a visit to his native South America is again directing a studio orchestra in Radio City but for a while it looked as though he would have to wield his baton from Alimony Jail. A deputy sheriff collared Hugo for back payments on a separation agreement just as he was about to go on the air. There was a great scurrying around but finally \$1500 bail was posted and Hugo got his freedom after one bad night in the dungeon.

* * *

While on vacation have you ever

been annoyed to find that you couldn't locate your hotel room on a picture post card because your quarters were on the side of the building away from the camera? Of course, you have; everybody has had that trouble when they wanted to write "X marks my room" on the card before saying "wish you were here" and mailing it to Aunt Emma. Well, those great benefactors of mankind, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, have removed that annoyance. They have invented a patented revolving postcard which shows all four sides of the hotel.

* * *

With five commercial broadcasts weekly Frank Parker has become just about radio's most frequently heard tenor. And in between broadcasts he manages to make personal appearances at theatres. All this, of course, is fine for the bank account but it does interfere with other things. Wonder, for instance, how Dorothy Martin, the ex-radio hostess, feels about Frank's time being so occupied with business? Until the demand for his services got so great, Frank and Dorothy were going places together and Radio Row was almost reconciled to losing one of its most eligible bachelors.

* * *

Ted Fiorito, the Coast conductor born in Newark, N. J., comes of a musical family. His mother was prima donna with an Italian opera company and his father played in a symphony orchestra. Ted, his brothers and sisters, were brought up on musical instruments. Fiorito has written over seventy songs of which "Laugh, Clown Laugh," "No, No, Nora," "King For a Day," "Now That You've Gone" and "Kalua Lullaby" are his biggest hits.

* * *

IN A LINE OR TWO

Jimmy Melton is responsible for Kathryn Newman's being on the air. He was so thrilled with the young coloratura soprano's singing in concert that he persuaded NBC officials to book her . . . After all these years it now develops, according to Mark Warnow, that the tune Nero fiddled while Rome burned was "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." It is also getting into the hair of listeners, like dandruff . . . Joan Olson decided upon a theatrical career after the late Raymond Hitchcock, a distant relative, urged her to take that course . . . Francis X. Bushman, the ex-movie star lately heard on the Rintin-Tin Thriller program, is scheduled to head a summer stock company at Hurleyville, N. Y. . . . Radiorioles have embraced a new fad this summer. They are wearing small red ribbons in their hair. It is supposed to be a good luck charm of Talmudic origin . . . Rufe Davis, of NBC's Radio Rubes who hails from Mangum, Okla., was 16 years old before he wore his first pair of shoes. Then says Rufe: "I walked backwards four miles to look at my tracks" . . . Word from the Coast has it that Russ Columbo and Sally Blane will middle aisle it before this Radio Mirror comes from the presses . . . The same correspondent describes Mae West as "a dresser with the top drawer open!" . . .

Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 58)

Copenhagen to Cincinnati, from Chicago to Caracas, and include Berlin, La Paz, Johannesburg as well as a half-dozen others.

But there is insufficient space to catalog these and some thirty additional stations in this one article.

Now let's find out if they're worth tuning-in.

First we come to the police, who broadcast what I consider the most thrilling bits of drama on the air. You can appreciate it fully only when it strikes home. That doesn't mean you have to wait for your house to be robbed—simply that once you have heard an alarm ordering police cars to your vicinity, and have seen how quickly they get there, you'll enjoy listening to the calls more than ever before.

The other night I had my set tuned to the police. It was around midnight when I heard the cars being ordered to my corner. I glanced at the clock and looked out of the window. It took exactly twenty-four *seconds* for the first car to reach the scene of the trouble, and at intervals of a few seconds five other cars, including a detective cruiser containing five plainclothes men with shot guns and tear gas, had arrived.

Unfortunately the alarm had not been phoned in until after the criminals had left—but that wasn't the cops' fault. If a report is sent in promptly, they usually get their man.

Don't let the signals fool you. In New York, at least, there isn't one for hold-ups, another for murders and so forth. The reason why they say "Signal Thirty," "Signal Thirty-one" and "Signal Thirty-two" is simply to save time.

"Signal Thirty" means, "Go immediately to the address given, where it has been reported that a crime has been committed. Arrest the criminals if possible, preserve evidence question all witnesses and take any other necessary police action until the detectives arrive."

"Signal Thirty-one" simply signifies, "The persons (or the occupants of the car) described are wanted by the police. They are probably dangerous, so use all caution in making the arrest."

"Signal Thirty-two" means, "Find the persons described. They have been reported as suspicious characters. Make arrests only if the suspicions are justified; otherwise release them."

The signals, you see, just save words, and enable the cars to get into action more quickly.

Now for a moment with the amateurs. Up until midnight or a little later they're not very exciting, for you hear mostly "Hello CQ—Calling CQ—Hello CQ," which is the general call, inviting any other amateur who hears the words to call back and start a conversation, and some snatches of technical conversation as to signal strength or new equipment.

But along about 2:00 A. M. and

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling **WITHOUT COOKING!**



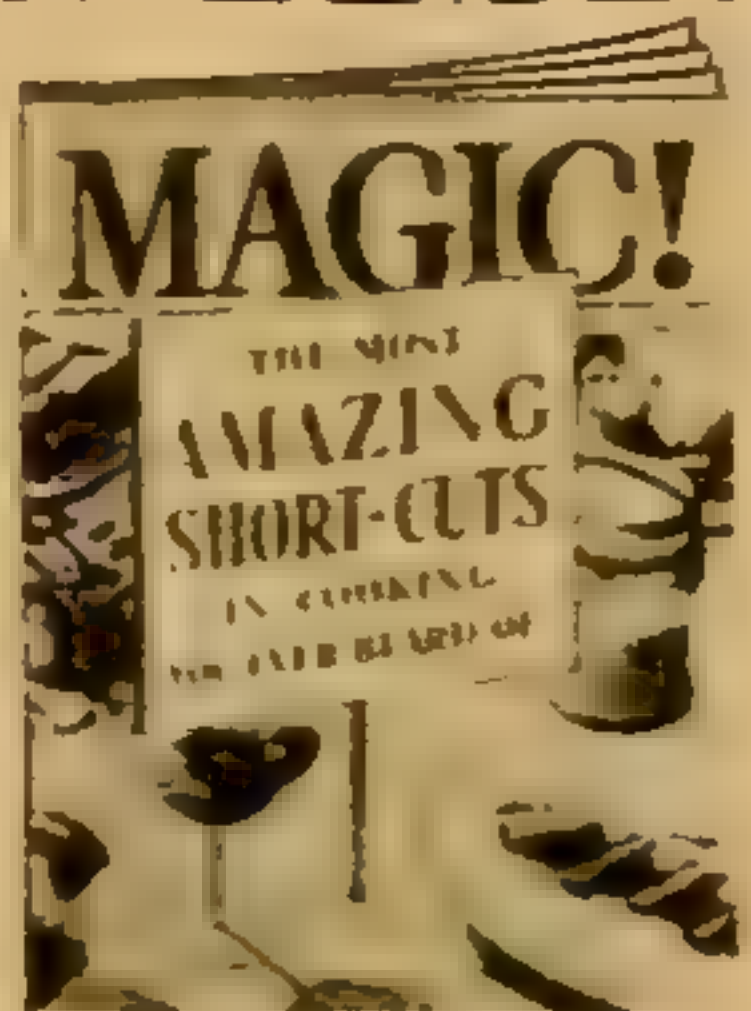
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MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	2 eggs
½ cup lemon juice	2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract	Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book). Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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through until the wee, small hours you will hear some of the strangest stuff that ever came through a loud speaker. For example, I have heard a girl amateur in one end of the country recalling school days with a young fellow she hadn't seen since they attended the same classes ten years ago; I've heard a cop in Tennessee discussing police work with a London bobby—both short wave amateurs! I've dropped in at an amateur station and found a couple of other "hams" (as they are called) one of whom was a bank president, the other a bus driver. I've heard the hams broadcast everything from harmonica solos and technical discussions to cocktail parties and family fights. The latter was very, very funny.

A Chicago man had just put his transmitter on the air and requested the Texas station to which he was talking to stand by while he made some adjustments in voltages. His wife apparently came into the room while he was working on the set and, not knowing it was on the air, began demanding that the summer be spent in Europe. He told her he hadn't the money for it and she started to run through the various expenditures he had made on his transmitter. Every time she paused for breath, he'd come back with a suit, coat or hat she'd bought. His transmitter expenditures ran above \$2000, and her clothes nearly matched it.

Suddenly he realized that they were on the air and gasped, "My God! I hope the income tax collector hasn't been listening!" And he promptly shut the station down for the evening.

There are dozens of stories like that—

little snatches of human drama—people making their first broadcasts and stammering "Gee, I'm so excited! I don't know what to say. (Say, Ed, do you think anybody can hear me?)"—calls across the continent, asking brother amateurs to look up some travelling friend—even the exchange of "good" telephone numbers. But it's more fun to get them yourself.

So let's go to Europe.

The thrill you get when you look over the bow of the steamer and see the white cliffs of England looming on the horizon is as nothing when you first tune-in GSA or one of the other stations in Daventry, that old Roman camp which has become a world famous radio center, though it is still just a little British country town of less than 4000 inhabitants.

And walking through the Montmartre at midnight in carnival time can't compare to promenading the wave-length of FYA via radio any late afternoon, when it's on the air.

You've never really heard a rumba unless you've listened to a native band broadcasting a dance program from CP5 in La Paz, Bolivia, YVIBC in Caracas, Venezuela, or one of the other South American stations. And for dance music that's a little different—not necessarily better, but different—from that which you get on the broadcast bands, you must try GSA, DJC in Berlin, or FYA. It's quite a disappointment if they happen to have a special feature—a program by an "imported" American jazz band!

If you're a football fan, the end of the United States football season need

not mark the end of your activities. Just the other day I heard a play-by-play description of a game between the Army and Navy coming over in an impeccable Oxford accent. And every afternoon at about 5:00 P. M. you can get the latest European news reports in English, over EAQ, Madrid, 30.43 meters or 9855 kilocycles.

Airplane communications from 3070 to 3485 Kc are another attraction, if you like to discuss the weather, or if you're interested in aviation. Additional plane calls will be found at other points on the dial—say around 49 meters.

Finally, private conversations and business messages are broadcast in the International Morse code—the dit-dit-dah stuff that you hear. Don't go learning the code with the idea of astonishing your friends with transcriptions of these messages, for it's a Federal offense to disclose them, carrying heavy fines and prison terms. If you *do* take a half hour a day for a couple of weeks, though, you'll be well repaid, for you'll pick up amateurs in Japan and other equally remote places, and the signals which are now just so much interference will magically become an interchange of ideas.

How, you may have wondered, do amateurs in America converse with those in France, Germany, China or Russia without being accomplished linguists?

It's very simple. They use what is known as the Q code, which enables men who cannot speak each other's languages to discuss radio and interference problems quite freely.

Lanny's Mother Raised Him to Sing

(Continued from page 35)

musical education and as soon as he could carry a tune she coached him in simple songs. She had him join a boy choir in Seattle where his pleasing voice encouraged her in the hope that some day he might be a real singer. As he grew older she brought him to New York where he was entered in the imposing and far-famed choir school at the big Manhattan cathedral and Lanny's first impressions of New York as a boy were concentrated on subways. Every time he had a nickel to spend he'd take a ride in the underground railway.

His parents' careers gave him considerable opportunity for travel and he made many trips to Europe before he finally found the NBC studios in New York. He entered Yale on a scholarship and divided his time between living up to his reputation as a good student and winning honors as an athlete. After college there was more of London where his father had decided to live permanently and where Lanny obtained his first job as a bank clerk.

While law was really his training he had never gotten round to working at his profession because by the time his first opportunity in that field came he was launched as a singer and after several seasons of comparatively un-

important air engagements he was given the coveted role he still holds as the singing hero of the Showboat hour. And every Thursday night he added to his ever-growing following of fans until now he is one of the most popular vocal artists on the big networks. It was only natural that his good looks and talents should attract the movie executives and his contract with Paramount, after his initial effort "Melody In Spring" has him commuting between Hollywood and New York.

While he enjoys his movie work and wouldn't sneeze at the munificent compensation attached to it, Lanny's first loyalty is to radio. Besides, as he says, broadcasting offers a much longer career than the cameras can promise and he would never completely desert microphones for any other medium.

Lanny's mother who lives in New York now is still his coach. Every day they rehearse together and he has taken his singing so seriously that he never allows any other interest or activity to interfere with it.

In his varied and interesting young life he hasn't had much time for romancing, as he says, and so he's still heartfree and one of the eligible bachelors of radio. Daringly he admits he doesn't like blondes, his preference is

for brunettes. And even in his movie roles he'd rather have a dark-haired heroine, than any beautiful golden-haired flicker queen.

When he's in New York he lives in a small apartment and occupies most of his time in developing his voice and his repertoire. When he's working on the west coast he lives simply and apart from the movie colony because he doesn't go in much for big parties.

His ambition is to be a "swell person" and while he finds it difficult to put his qualifications for that category in words he knows what he means, having met a few "swell persons" in his lifetime with whom he'd like to be classed.

Meeting him and talking with him, you'd never by the wildest stretch of imagination call him a Lothario. And you'd find it difficult to imagine him in a competition with the Clark Gables, Fredric Marches or Gary Coopers of Hollywood. He's so reserved, even restrained in his manner toward people that he doesn't give the impression of a successful hero around whom a glamorous aura has been built. But you do have the feeling that he has set quite a straight road for himself and that if the goal is at all attainable Lanny Ross will make it.

What Did Radio Do To Jolson's Family Life?

(Continued from page 7)

She and Dick Powell make a great team in pictures—and I had a little talk with Jack Warner about doing one myself this Fall. But, even so, we won't be separated any more. I'll broadcast from the Coast and pay the extra wire charges myself. But no more separations.

"You know it gets damned lonesome. I was never a chaser, but I always went around with a bunch of the boys to Reuben's, or the Cotton Club, just to punch the bag and see the folks. Well, she's out on the Coast and she doesn't go anywhere—so why should I? Maybe it sounds a little silly—but it isn't. If either of us was seen going places, the first thing you know some chiseller would be sayin': 'Unh-unh! Al and Ruby are goin' places—and not together!'" So we told one another we'd go together or not at all.

"Naturally, we talk a lot over the 'phone—but you never get to say all that's in your heart. I get other messages to her, too. She always listens in on the broadcasts, but, they won't let me mention her name on the air. Boy, do I fool 'em! In every broadcast I slip in something meant just for her—and she gets it, too. But none of the studio guys are on!"

I ASKED if he'd slipped one over that night, and he grinned that he had. But, no, no, he wouldn't tell how. Figuring it all out later, though, I wouldn't be surprised if that fan he thanked so cordially, and sang for so well, were none other than Ruby Keeler! Anyway, you can bet on this—Al gets word to her every time he's on the air. Listen in, and see if you can spot the message. If so, you're smarter than the broadcasting people. Which may, or may not, be a blue feather in your cap.

"When you write about me," he kidded, "you make people think I'm nuts. That story a while back, for instance . . . well . . . I dunno, maybe you're right. This radio racket and those movies are enough to put anyone screwy. Did you see that crowd out there tonight? You know I'm against audiences. I think it's a mistake to let people in on the secrets. It destroys the illusion. All the crowd that saw that guy pounding his chest for hoof-beats will never believe the horse anymore when they hear one on the air. See what I mean?"

I saw. And I remembered the same howl from the movie studios. Some of the film stars, in person, can give a fine show—just as the theatrically trained Jolson can in a broadcasting studio, a theatre, a movie lot or a car-barn. But I remembered, too, the pathetic disillusionment of fans who had flocked to see film stars to whom the footlights were strange, and the disappointments they had suffered. I was inclined to agree that the illusion of screen and radio should be maintained. Al went on:

"Aside from that angle, the presence of an audience is a temptation to cheat

on the air. Look at Whoosis when he broadcasts. He comes out ala Nudist or something, and the crowd in the studio goes hysterical. But that isn't a fair laugh to the people tuning-in. They must think we're screwy. A fellow cracks a bum joke over the mike, and then pokes the lady soprano with a cane. Well, the poke gets a laugh from the audience—but the joke doesn't. And the result is that the 100,000,000 turn off their radio resentfully. You can get laughs legitimately—but you can't force millions of radio fans to get hysterical over something that isn't funny—something that is a fake and that they're not in on. Some broadcasters lose track of the millions for the handful they can see.

"I'll pay any price for good radio material. Boy, how that mike eats up stuff. In the theatre, in vaudeville your material lasts a season anyway, maybe a dozen seasons. On the air it's dead after one time. The same with songs. They kill a swell number in a few weeks. No wonder a lot of stuff isn't up to the mark—it's impossible to turn it out fast enough. Eventually, radio will have to fall back on the theatre, just as the movies have done."

As agile mentally as he is physically, the dynamic Al, leaps from conversational hill to crag in amazing fashion. His mind, like his nervous, restless, ever active body, won't stay put. From such highspots as we've touched he bounded to the Halls of Congress and an imitation of a Southern Senator delivering an impassioned speech to a perfectly empty house—and giving it with gestures, besides; he explained the status of television; quoted expert opinions about the stock market; gave the name of a sure winner in the fifth race next day; offered an opinion of certain Hollywood gentry appearing with him in "Wonder Bar"; gave his interpretation of Pancho Villa, accent and all, and told his yarn about the fellow who, when "Viva Villa!" was mentioned declared he had known "Viva" personally!

HE displayed some funny fan letters, one of which described "a ham on a cheese program"; he gave an imitation of Joe E. Brown; discussed the nursery he's building as an annex to that Westchester estate where he and Ruby will be happy; listened to Sol Wurtzel's low estimate of current Broadway entertainment; offered a plausible solution to box-office problems, scored audiences who mistake the assumption of a dialect for high histrionics, and related his tale of the Hollywood producer who signed his name with an X, until he got up in the world, when he changed his signature to XXX—so he could have a middle initial! Never a dull minute with Jolson. He's a mile-a-minute from cover to cover! But no matter how far the conversation wandered—from Capitol Hill to the Capital theatre—eventually it got back to the subject nearest Al's heart—Ruby Keeler.



● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to surface dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt under the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

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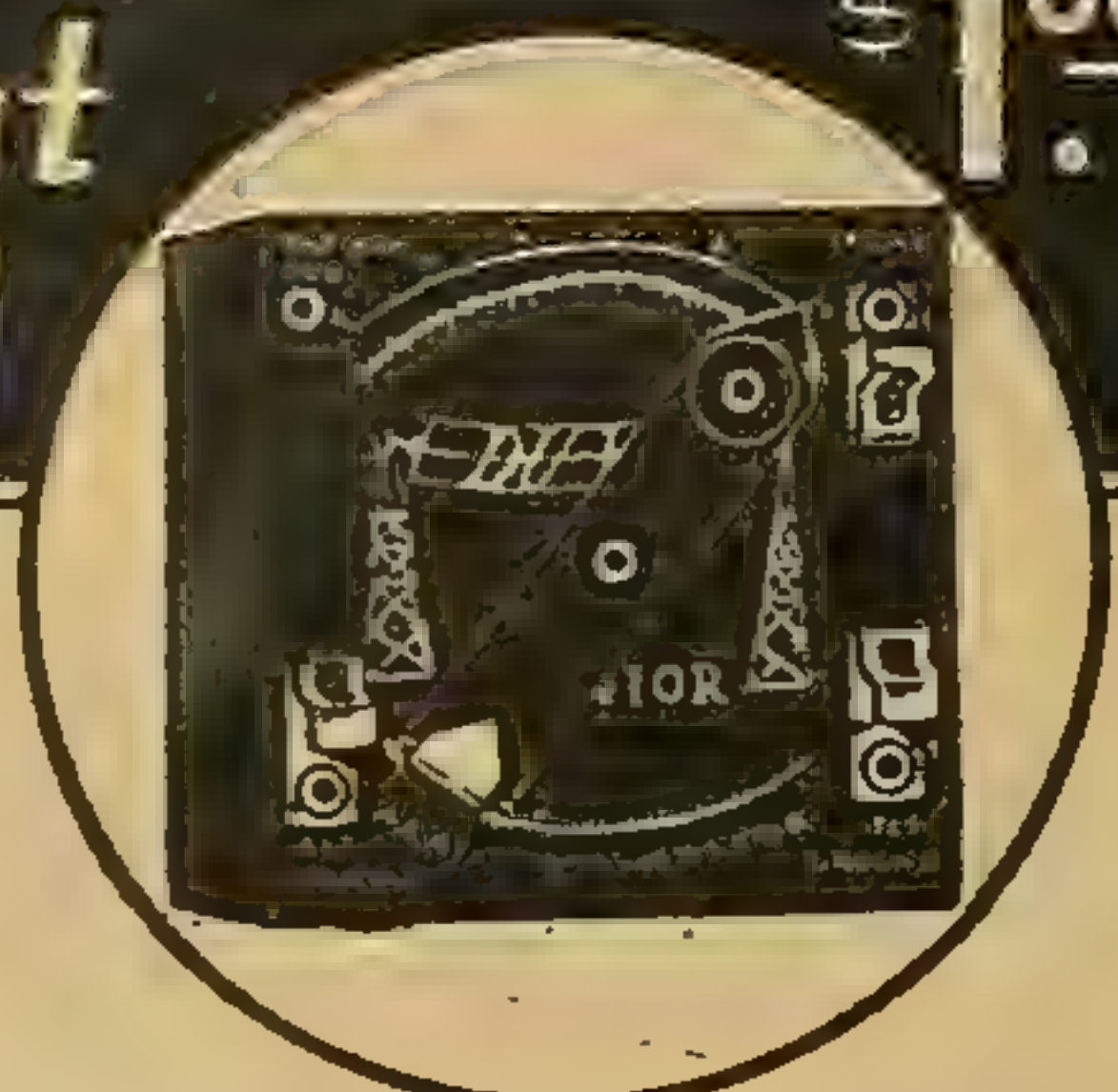
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MAIL COUPON NOW

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4GT
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This does not
obligate me. (Please print plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"After all, I'm a home-loving guy
and she's a home-loving girl. I know
she'd like to get in that bungalow apron
up in Westchester and fool around the
house much better than she likes to
make movies out in California. And
why not? That's what I want her to
do. Of course, I got nicked by the de-
pression — who didn't — but there's
enough left for us. Our demands are
pretty modest, and why go out and
sweat for a few dollars more to hand
the best part of it over for taxes. The
percentage is against you. The happi-
ness lies in the home, with a wife you
love and . . . well . . . you know.

"I don't say a feller doesn't miss the
theatre or the screen sometimes. It gets
in your heart—those crowds, the lights,
the applause. But I've had all that.
What more can I get? Another hit?
More crowds? More cheers? The name
up in lights again? What for? No, sir,
as soon as this contract is completed
I'm scrambling West to Ruby, and
when she's through with this picture,
we'll both come marching home again—
to stay!"

Chicago Breezes

(Continued from page 47)

dancing classes in the parish house and
used to sing in the church choir. At
one time the dear ladies of the congre-
gation were horrified at the idea of
their minister being married to a Fol-
lies gal. But what actually happened
was that many men gave up sleeping
and playing golf Sunday mornings to
attend . . . in that way they gave at
least moral support to the minister they
considered "must be a good guy to
have won a Follies girl on a minister's
salary." The Rev. Mr. Rubel's musical
ability was so well received that once
Bishop George Craig Stewart gave him
a one year leave of absence in which
to study and write. He came to Chi-
cago from Milwaukee's St. Paul's
Church.

Hal Totten, WMAQ's sports an-
nouncer, is also assistant to Sidney
Strotz, NBC's program and talent
boss in Chicago. Hal is in charge of all
announcers and the remote control
broadcasts from night clubs and hotel
dining rooms where orchestras play.

George Biggar, WLS Program Direc-
tor, thought he had heard every pos-
sible type of aspirant for radio fame in
his ten years . . . until a stilt walker
walked in the other day for an
audition!

Everywhere you go you hear people
saying, "You nasty man!" Even the
chef asked us the other night: "Wanna
buy a duck?" Soooo . . . Joe Penner
becomes a household word and a star.

Although Wayne King has a swell
"farm" in Wisconsin, an airplane and
a great big car to enjoy in the mid-
west he vacationed in California!

So there you are, ladies and gentle-
men of the radio audience, that's what
marriage has done to—and for—Al Jol-
son. There's talk around that he's
signed with Warner Brothers for a
talkie next Fall—or Spring at latest.
There's more that he'll do a Broadway
play again a little later on. But you
have his word for it that from now on
the person who'll be seeing him most is
Ruby Keeler—and those that will hear
him most frequently are those who
turn their dials to his broadcasts. Of
course, those plans may be altered.
They may have been changed before
the midnight stars found me on Fifth
Avenue again on that warm Thursday
evening when all this happened.

But one thing's sure as—sure as that
winner he gave me in the fifth—no mat-
ter whether the future takes Al to West-
chester as a country squire, to the stage
of a Follies show, to the Warner studios,
or to a national network, Ruby'll be
right there. And when the boys begin
to bid for her services, it will be well to
remember that to Jolson Ruby's more
precious than gold.

Don't ever ask the elevator starter
of the Palmolive Building which floor
Amos 'n' Andy occupy. He'll act dumb
. . . knows from nothing . . . purposely.

* * *

Louise Rolfe, blond "alibi" and wife
of Machine Gun Jack McGurn was au-
ditioned at NBC. McGurn sat in the
control room of the studio listening.
As she finished singing he walked out
with: "Well, she's o. k. in a café but
on the air she's terrible!"

* * *

THE "IT" GIRL

NBC received a letter at the New
York office addressed:

To the Girl with the Nora Bayes
Voice

Specially when she sings "Shine on
Harvest Moon"

New York, U. S. A.

NBC sent it on to Chicago for Alice
Joy. Alice opened it and the first line
read: "Dear Miss Etting . . ." So Alice
readdressed it to Ruth Etting with a
note: "Dear Ruth: Is my face red!"

* * *

HOLIDAZE

Myrt and Marge announced one
night that they had a calendar with
their pictures on it for all the fans who
would write in. The next day they were
horrified when, asking for the mail, they
discovered NOT A SINGLE LETTER
had come in! Then they realized what
had happened. It was a holiday and
the mails weren't being delivered!
They actually received more than 200,
000 requests the next few days.

* * *

LITTLE SOLDIER

You don't often get far enough be-
hind the scenes to know of the pain be-
hind the laugh, the laugh, clown, laugh
sort of thing. While Gale Page was be-

ing her charming self, laughing, enthusing and singing for NBC she was working very hard to keep up that front... friend husband was under an oxygen tent with pneumonia!

* * *

Reo Fletcher, accompanist and arranger for the Cadets quartet of WBBM and Columbia got that first name because his father was so proud of his first auto, one of the first in the State of Illinois... a Reo.

* * *

When Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink auditioned at Chicago NBC studios for that mother program she apologized to judges listening in for her lack of makeup!

* * *

It was with a sigh of relief local radio station and advertising agency bosses greeted the news that the Schlitz beer people had finally decided to buy a radio show. Even those that failed to land the account were glad. Schlitz had been auditioning since early spring and had heard practically every show possible during the many months of indecision.

* * *

KENNEDY'S FAVORITES

Result of Pat Kennedy asking fans which songs they liked to have him do the best was:

"Wagon Wheels"

"The Old Spinning Wheel."

"I'll Save the Last Waltz for Mother."

* * *

Summer is here and baseball occupies most of the afternoon on most of the leading Chicago radio stations most of the days... and those who want to hear things other than baseball continue to complain... and baseball goes merrily along despite them!

* * *

HALF PINT HE MAN

It was amusing the day the irate lady came to Jackie Heller and threatened his bosses. Jackie is a cherubic half pint despite his age. The irate lady threatened Jackie's bosses with the child labor law and simply refused to believe Heller was of adult age. Jackie explained that he has already been married, that he is a man... and finally in desperation tore his shirt open to show her the manly hair on his chest!

* * *

Jerry (ChiCAWgo) Sullivan's most ardent fan is Phil Schneider who has never voluntarily missed one of Jerry's programs since he was fifteen years old. He's now twenty-five!

* * *

Jim of Jim and Bob, the Hawaiian serenaders on WBBM, still remembers with a shiver how he was introduced to our zipping winter weather in the silk hose, oxfords and no overcoat he wore in his balmy Hawaii.

* * *

Truman Bradley, Chicago Columbia announcer, received a letter from his old friend, Goodman Ace. Brad used to announce Easy Aces and before the Aces moved to New York. In the letter Goody said he had just finished fill-

The Fairest Offer Ever Made to VICTIMS OF ACID INDIGESTION

NOW I KNOW WHY MILLIONS USE TUMS!

TEST PACKET Lets You Prove Tums Are Quicker Relief

..OR MONEY REFUNDED

SO positive are we that you will approve this new way to treat stomach distress, caused by acid indigestion, that we offer this "Guarantee Test." Just ask your druggist for the special new 3-roll Carrier Package of Tums; only costs 30c. Attached you will find a generous test packet of Tums. Use this test supply the next time you feel distressed. See how quickly Tums counteract acid and dispel gas. Then, if you don't agree that Tums give the quickest, most positive relief possible, just return the Carrier Package unopened. Your druggist will refund every penny you have paid. Carrier Package includes handsome gift Tums users have always wanted—a metal pocket carrier, that keeps a Tums roll fresh and sanitary in pocket or purse.

Try Tums today. Millions already use these refreshing candy-like mints, which act to neutralize excess acid without over-alkalizing the stomach. Tums contain no soda—or any water soluble alkali—that's why!

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

SPECIAL Tums Package Includes Special "No Risk" Offer and Gift Pocket Carrier



TUMS Contain No Soda!

NURSES AND ATTENDANTS

EXPERIENCED & INEXPERIENCED
Male and female desiring information regarding positions in hospitals, sanitariums and institutions any part of U. S. or Canada, write NOW enclosing stamp to Scharf Bureau, Dept. 7-48, 145 W. 45th St., New York.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTH RESORT invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. •This resort it at Dansville, N. Y. patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. •If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. •All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physicultopathic measures. •A beneficent, non-profit institution. •Write for information.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture, Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y RAMI, 66 W. 85 St., N.Y.

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If you are interested—
—to develop the ability to speak effectively in public or in everyday conversation—to forge ahead twice as fast as you are now doing, read *How to Work Wonders With Words* now sent free.
This new booklet, recently published, points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity.
It also explains how you can, by a new, easy home study method, become an outstanding speaker and conquer stage fright, timidity and fear. To read this booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.
Simply send name and address and this valuable free booklet will be sent at once. No obligation.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 171B Chicago, Illinois

I'll PROVE in 7 Days I Can make YOU a NEW MAN!

ALL I want is one week to prove I can give you a powerful body of might and muscle with my quick *Dynamic Tension* method!
Mail coupon below—and I'll send you, absolutely free, my new book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Reveals secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling to twice-winner of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man". Shows how I can build you a champion body the same easy way!

I've taken thousands of flabby, no-muscle men and given them big, powerful muscles, increased measurements, amazing strength, vitality, pep! And I've got no use for pills, or for Contraptions that may strain you. My natural *Dynamic Tension* method develops real men, inside and out! Banishes constipation, bad breath, pimples.
Send NOW for free copy of my book filled with pictures and body facts. Find out how I can make you the husky, big-muscle NEW MAN you can be! Mail coupon TODAY.

by CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of Title:
"World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 92-G, 133 East 23rd St., New York City
Send me your FREE BOOK which proves how *Dynamic Tension* can make me a NEW MAN. Name Address

FREE BOOK

NO MORE FRECKLES, WEATHER-BEATEN SKIN



No matter how dull and dark your complexion; no matter how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind. Nadinola Bleaching Cream will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty quickest, easiest way. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box R-10, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Kochne Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 171-B, Chicago, Illinois



SAMPLE 15¢

To introduce our blue-white rainbow flash stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated Diamond, mounted in nice ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address National Jewelry Co., Dept. AA, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

NERVOUS? WORRIED? ARE YOU UNHAPPY?

What's wrong with you? Do symptoms of Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating and Sleeplessness keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Are you Bashful? Despondent? *There's Help for You!* Medicines, tonics or Drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "Watch Your Nerves", explains a new method that will help you regain healthy nerves. Send for this amazing book.

ROBERT HOLMES, Jersey City, N. J.
17 Fuller Bldg.



Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

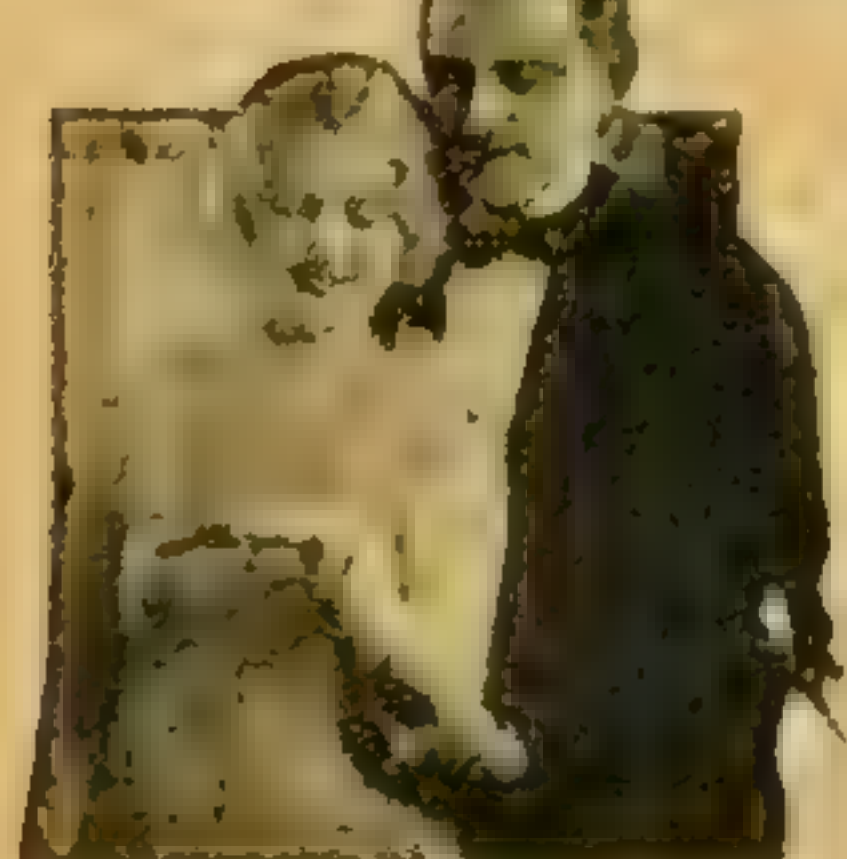
... to ANY shade you Desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

24-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.

ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
563 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

How to Attract and Hold Your Man



Attract and fascinate the man of your choice.

Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most cases

of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding man's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood". Mailed in plain wrapper. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS Dept. 9-G, 585 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

ing out his income tax and thought Uncle Sam might as well have the last three cents, too... hence the letter.

* * *

Wayne King isn't the only pipe collector in Chicago radioland. Howard Neumiller, musical director of Columbia in Chicago, has pipes ranging from expensive German and English ones to plain American briars. And Pianist Norm Sherr boasts thirty-eight pipes which he has collected from all corners of the globe. He has a very old calabash and a Russian meerschaum blackened with age. It was handed down from his great grandfather.

We Have with Us

(Continued from page 55)

Monday (Continued)

Who doesn't love a clown?

7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackface comedians—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Sun's still shining on their Harlem.

7:15 P. M. GENE AND GLENN—comedy sketch (daily except Saturday and Sunday). WEA and associated stations.

Back again, and we're glad of it.

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Kynos Toothpaste). WABC and associated stations.

Exactly what it says.

7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, piano; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEA and associated stations.

Vaudeville in ether doses.

7:30 P. M. MUSIC ON THE AIR—with Jimmy Kemper; Robert Armbruster's orchestra. (Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Some nice regular visitors.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Company). WABC and associated stations.

As Mr. Carter reads the headlines.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Pepsodent Company). WEA and associated stations.

The family everybody knows.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra (Northwestern Yeast Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

One of the best of the baton yielders.

8:00 P. M. SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—story with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. WEA and associated stations.

Taking you out to the sticks for a change.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL "The Human Side of the News" (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.

James H. Murray, Herman of Mike and Herman, is growing a beard.

* * *

LUCK!

The Cadets Quartet sang "Viva La France" from "The Wonder Bar" over WBBM one afternoon. Suddenly they remembered the number was restricted and the penalty for doing it without permission was a \$200 fine! They worried all night and went to work the next day expecting to catch plenty. They opened a telegram: "Music from Wonder Bar now unrestricted may use at will!"

An ace newswriter gives you his own ideas of what's going on in the world.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks alternating with William Daly's Orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Company). WEA and associated stations.

Glorious voices in perfect alternation.

8:30 P. M. THE MAPLE CITY FOUR—male quartet (Crazy Crystal Water). WJZ and associated stations.

A quartet nicely teamed.

8:45 P. M. BABE RUTH—Also Wednesday and Friday (Quaker Oats). WJZ and associated stations.

This is the time and Babe's certainly the man.

9:00 P. M. A & P GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. WEA and associated stations.

A weekly order of swell groceries.

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE, with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and Chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

There's nothing can touch this vocalizing.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Old-time entertainment and they like it.

9:30 P. M. DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY with Hugh Barrett Dobbs; Tommy Harris, tenor; Smoky Joe, cowboy harmonica player; guest artists; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; orchestra direction Meredith Willson (California Packing Co.). WEA and associated stations.

A trip for the listing.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—Theodore Webb, baritone, guest artist; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack. WJZ and associated stations.

Sweet music, that's not too sugary.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Mady Christians, Erno Rapee and his orchestra. Dramatic cast and guest artists (Ex-Lax).

RADIO MIRROR

WABC and associated stations.

That Miss Christians is a delightful new air find and of course the way Gertrude sings is enough to keep you tuned-in.

10:00 P. M. **CONTENTED** PROGRAM — Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer (Carnation Milk Co.). WEF and associated stations.

Well, most of the time we are.

10:00 P. M. **PACKARD** presents Dr. Walter Damrosch and symphony orchestra with John B. Kennedy (Packard Motor Car). WJZ and associated stations.

Our old mike friend Dr. Damrosch in good company.

11:35 P. M. **JACK DENNY** and his Hotel Pierre Orchestra from New York. WJZ and associated stations.

If it's Denny, it's good enough for us.

Tuesday

4:15 P. M. **THE SINGING STRANGER**—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. (Bauer & Black). Also Friday. WJZ and associated stations.

He won't be a stranger for very long.

7:30 P. M. **TASTYEAST SEERS** — Eddie East and Ralph Dumke—comedy skit. WEF and associated stations. Just a little bit crazy.

7:30 P. M. **THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS**. Paul Keast, baritone; Thelma Goodwyn, soprano; Rollo Hudson's orchestra (Gold Dust Corporation). WABC and association stations.

How'd you like this aggregation under your own window?

8:00 P. M. **LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA** with Phil Duey, baritone (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEF and associated stations.

A maestro whose music we'll always enjoy.

8:00 P. M. **ENO CRIME CLUES**—an original Spencer Dean mystery drama with Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold Ritchie & Co.). WJZ and associated stations. Also Wednesday.

Shivers and thrills.

8:00 P. M. **LADY ESTHER SERENADE**—Wayne King and his orchestra (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Wednesday. WEF and associated stations.

More of Mr. King, that smoothie.

8:30 P. M. **HUDSON VOCALIANS** — Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lois Bennett, soprano; Honey Dean, blues singer; Harry Salter's orchestra and choir. (Hudson Motor Car). WJZ and associated stations.

If your speaking of voices, there's always Mr. Thibault and that's something.

8:30 P. M. **"ACCORDIANA"** with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Maria Silveira, Soprano; and Pierre le Kruen, Baritone (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

No hesitation about this pacing.

9:00 P. M. **BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA** (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEF and associated stations.

You can have anything else you hear but leave us this one.

9:00 P. M. **HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES**—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's Orchestra (Household Finance Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

Poems and high C's.

9:00 P. M. **MAURY H. B. PAUL**, Society Commentator, and Freddie Martin's Orchestra (Elizabeth Arden—Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

All in the cause of a good complexion.

9:30 P. M. **THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF ORCHESTRA**—Ed Wynn, The Fire Chief, with Graham McNamee; male quartet. (Texas Company). WEF and associated stations.

Sometimes you think you've had enough but you always come back for more.

9:30 P. M. **EDDIE DUCHIN** and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. (Junis Facial Cream). Also Thursday and Saturday. WJZ and associated stations.

He doesn't like our calling him the Debbies' Delight but it's not our fault if they all do like him and his music.

10:00 P. M. **THE CAMEL CARAVAN** with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Stoopnagle and Budd, and Connie Boswell. (Camel Cigarettes). Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

Connie's in top form, this contract and Stoopnagle and Budd are just too funny for words.

10:00 P. M. **PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE** with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, Florence Malone, Joseph Granby, John Barclay, Rosaline Greene, Adele Ronson, Alan Devitt, Alfred Shirley and the Russian Choir of 20 voices. (Palmolive Soap). WEF and associated stations.

Why didn't somebody think of this grand idea before?

10:00 P. M. **PALMER HOUSE PROMENADE**—guest artist; Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; orchestra direction Harold Stokes. WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Perkins sets the pace for a real good show.

11:00 P. M. **VINCENT LOPEZ** and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra from New York. WJZ and network.

Vincent never fails us with those wonderful arrangements.

Wednesday

7:45 P. M. **IRENE RICH FOR WELCH**—dramatic sketch (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

A movie star doing well in a new medium.

8:00 P. M. **TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM**—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's

Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look—and the irritation—that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free—and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores—50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

removes hair

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 47, 254 W. 31st St., N. Y.

LOVELY EYES

HOW TO HAVE THEM

GLORIFY your lashes—give them that long, lustrous look no man can resist. It's so easy. Just darken them with Winx Mascara (cake or liquid 75¢). Pure and safe—not a dye. Thousands of smart women have used Winx for years to beautify lashes. Also "dress" the brows with a Winx Pencil (35¢) and use Winx Eye Shadow (75¢) for smart make-up. Buy Winx Eye Beautifiers at all department and drug stores. For the most complete booklet

FREE

ever written on eye make-up, write for FREE copy of "Lovely Eyes" to Louise Ross, Dept. K, 243 West 17th Street, New York City

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BROADCASTING offers remarkable opportunities to talented men and women—if they are trained in Broadcasting technique. It isn't necessary to be a "star" to make good money in Broadcasting. There are hundreds of people in Broadcasting work who are practically unknown—yet they easily make \$3000 to \$5000 a year while, of course, the "stars" often make \$15,000 to \$50,000 a year.

An amazing new method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, one of America's outstanding broadcasters, fits talented people for big pay Broadcasting jobs. If you have a good speaking voice, can sing, act, write, direct or sell, the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own home in your spare time—for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions advertisers spend in Broadcasting every year. Our free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons Course—how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting—and how to turn your hidden talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send the coupon today for free book.

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Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full particulars of your home study Course.

Name..... Age.....
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Address.....

City..... State.....

the **CHORE GIRL** PURE KNITTED COPPER
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
patented parallel outer layers give
"double the wear, where the wear comes"
Metal Textile Corporation, Orange, New Jersey

YOUR FACE
CAN BE CHANGED!
Dr. Stotter, a graduate of The University of Vienna, with many years of experience in Plastic Surgery, reconstructs unshapely noses, protruding and large ears, lips, wrinkles around eyes and eyelids, face and neck, etc., by methods as perfected in the great Vienna Polyclinic. Moderate Fees. Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction".
Dr. Stotter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 4-C, N. Y.

DR. WALTER'S
Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Garments
LATEST BRASSIERE 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure.... \$2.25
REDUCING GIRDLE, 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures \$3.75
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Orchestra (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAf and associated stations.
The Baron's such a grand liar.
8:15 P. M. EASY ACES—comedy team (Jad Salts). Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

It's about time they came calling after dinner again.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES"—Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master of Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Alden's Orchestra, Ohman and Arden; "Romeo and Juliet"; and Irving Kaufman (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.

We'll take a dose of Mr. Marshall's music, you can have the Bi-so-dol.

9:00 P. M. THE HOUR OF SMILES—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb, the Ipana Troubadours; the Sal Hepatica Glee Club; the Ipana Male Quartet and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

A couple of ace programs join forces and now they're just twice as good.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS—Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy, Jack Arthur, The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. (A. C. Spark Plug Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Crazy people—and they get paid for it.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI, with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and chorus (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

A delightful voice you never tire of.

9:30 P. M. WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians with Burns and Allen, Comedy Team (General Cigar Co.). WABC and associated stations.

If you think the others are a little nutty just tune in on this pair any Wednesday night.

9:30 P. M. LOVE STORY PROGRAM—movie stars in dramatic shorts (Non-Spi). WJZ and associated stations. Cinema celebrities getting emotional with a microphone.

10:00 P. M. CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA—barnyard music; male quartet. (Larus & Brothers Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

Down among the cows and chickens.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—guest artist; Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Three Scamps, vocal trio; Charles Lyons; Frances Langford, contralto. (Plough, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Lopez with us once more and the Three Scamps are refreshing.

10:30 P. M. ALBERT SPALDING, Violinist, with Conrad Thibault, Baritone and Don Voorhees' Orchestra. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

Radio's prize violinist and a familiar baritone in a different spot.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO Presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his Orchestra and John B. Kennedy, narrator (Continental Oil Company).

WJZ and associated stations.
No matter what you say, Richman surely can put a song over.
11:15 P. M. ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S ORCHESTRA from the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York. WEAf and network.

It might be old Madrid but it happens to be the Waldorf and it's worth hearing.

Thursday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES — Songs. WABC and associated stations.

Pretty Connie warbling by herself.

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees—guest artists (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEAf and associated stations.

Still the blue-ribbon program which means there's nothing yet can beat it.

8:30 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARNOW and Evelyn MacGregor, Claude Reis and Evan Evans. WABC and associated stations.

Nicely arranged and pleasantly presented.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winniger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAf and associated stations.

What would we do without this weekly boat ride and that old Cap'n Henry?

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime (Pacific Coast Borax Company). WJZ and associated stations.

In heavier tempo with lots happening.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Nikita Balieff, sketches from "Chauve-Souris"; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, Master of Ceremonies. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEAf and associated stations.

Balieff is different and Whiteman's the same, what more can you ask?

11:20 P. M. ISHAM JONES and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Jones still rates his place in the sun.

Friday

12:30 P. M. "SMILING ED McCONNELL" (Acme White Lead and Color Works). WABC and associated stations.

He gives you a laugh.

3:00 P. M. MARIA'S CERTO MATINEE—Lanny Ross, tenor; Mary Lou; Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Gus Haenschen's orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

Evening favorites getting up early to entertain you.

5:00 P. M. MADAME SYLVIA of Hollywood (Ralston Purina Company).

WEAF and associated stations.
After all, what chance has a fat girl?

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Five good reasons why you should lend your ears.

8:00 P. M. NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe; Bobby Dolan and his orchestra. (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

O'Keefe and Miss Shutta are a happy combination and this is a good spot.

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

Real life dramas presented with realism and you're the jury.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

When Mr. Lyman takes his time.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

Radio's Bert Williams in more modern style.

9:15 P. M. LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra (Hostess Cake). WABC and associated stations.

Our old friend wrapped up in brass now.

9:30 P. M. ONE NIGHT STANDS—Pick and Pat, Blackface comedians; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

They go places and do things.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Ted Weems' Orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

If we could only have three programs a week, this would be among our choice.

10:00 P. M. STORIES THAT SHOULD BE TOLD—Fulton Oursler (Liberty Magazine). WJZ and associated stations.

You know the people he talks about but you've never heard the thrilling tales he tells you about them.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Compana Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

They deserve a few curtain calls.

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Don Bestor's orchestra.

WEAF and associated stations.

Benny's moved from his old spot and we're glad to welcome him.

12:30 A. M. TED BLACK and his Cafe Loyale Orchestra. WJZ and network.

More incentive to roll up the carpets.

Saturday

7:30 P. M. THE PURE OIL PROGRAM—Eddie Peabody, wizard of the banjo; the De Marco Sisters trio; Richard Himber's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

There's no one can touch this Mr. Peabody.

7:30 P. M. DON BESTOR and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WJZ and network.

Mr. Bestor on his own.

8:00 P. M. MORTON DOWNEY'S STUDIO PARTY—Freddie Rich's orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

We'll take the moments when Morton sings.

8:30 P. M. JOHNS-MANVILLE PROGRAM—Floyd Gibbons. WEAF and associated stations.

Rapid fire commentaries.

9:00 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Francis Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, radio mimic; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, master-of-ceremonies. WEAF and associated stations.

A lot of people who deserve their places at the mikes.

9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and chorus (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

And smoke as you listen.

9:30 P. M. BEATRICE FAIRFAX—dramatization. (General Foods Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.

Having any heart problems?

10:00 P. M. TERRAPLANE TRAVELCADE—The Saxon Sisters, vocal duo the Terraplaniacs, male quartet; Graham McNamee, master-of-ceremonies, and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Hudson Motor Car). WEAF and associated stations.

Those Saxon Sisters ARE good.

10:30 P. M. ELDER MICHAUX and congregation. WABC and associated stations.

Brethren and sistern, are you listenin'?

11:30 P. M. ONE MAN'S FAMILY — dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and associated stations.

It could happen in your home.

12:00 Mid. JACK DENNY and his Hotel Pierre Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

It's getting late but this won't tire you.

THE BARON NEVER LIED LIKE THIS BEFORE!

If you think you've listened to Baron Munchausen's wild tales on the air wait 'til you see what he can do when he gets a pen in his hand. Jack Pearl brings a new story in true Munchausen style to RADIO MIRROR readers in the bigger and best August issue.

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More than 3,000,000 people are now making their living in various kinds of spare time activity, according to W. R. Conkling, nationally known business authority.

Most of these 3,000,000 people took to spare time work because they lost their jobs in industry and could find nothing else to do. From the ranks of the unemployed have been recruited not only factory workers but people from the professions: lawyers, teachers, doctors, journalists, etc. Earnings now often exceed what they were when they were employed full time.

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"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" contains 1000 true reports of what these people are actually doing now to earn extra money at home. The plans have been tried repeatedly. They have proven practical, successful, and profitable. They are recommended to all those who are interested in augmenting their present incomes; also to all victims of the recent economic depression—women who want to bolster up the family budget—men and women beyond middle age and dependent upon others—recent college graduates not yet placed—and all who must earn money.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" also contains several hundred practical plans on how to start your own business at home with little or no investment. Why not start your own business and be independent? When you work for yourself there is no limit to the money you can earn. And you need not give up your job if employed. Start your business in spare time at home evenings. When you have built up a good business, you can leave your job and enjoy the pleasure and that carefree feeling that comes with being your own boss.

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Written to fill an immediate and pressing need, "1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" is now available to everyone needing it. No matter what your state or condition, age or sex, it will offer you many suggestions which you may turn quickly into money. It has been priced so as to be within the reach of all. \$1.00 postpaid in the United States and Canada. Order today before the supply is exhausted.

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Ten Million Jurors for True Story Court

(Continued from page 37)

and clanging bells, the script writer, Bill Sweet, and the cast, charged every moment of the story with dramatic intensity.

And then the answers started to come in. Important people all over the country had been asked to listen and many of them did. One group of distinguished Washington people, travelling between the capitol and Baltimore by car, listened to the broadcast as they travelled. Clergymen, lawyers, judges, the district attorney of Los Angeles, the girl's mother, Tom White's victim and many others listened.

Three out of every five of the letters received declared Burmah White was not guilty in their eyes and three out of five asked that she be given a new trial. Another fifth of the verdicts felt that she was guilty but the sentence was excessive. There were a scattering of opinions among the remaining fifth, ranging all the way from three who found her guilty as charged and deserving of the sentence, to those who would place the entire blame upon society, which permitted Tom White a dangerous criminal to be at liberty.

One is inclined to look upon the verdicts in the two cases cited as contradictory. In one the audience jury departed altogether from what might have been expected, leaning heavily against the sympathy created by the drama-

tization. In the other, they took the girl's story and, apparently, "swallowed it whole." What is the answer?

It is hard to answer the question but when more than a superficial examination of the facts is made one thing becomes very clear. The radio juries are not influenced by the surface appearance. They apparently do a great deal of thinking about the problems submitted to them and they penetrate the superficial considerations.

True Story Magazine gives prizes each week for the best answers, of course, and the awards attract a great many answers. There are a surprising number of letters received, however, from those to whom a prize is the least consideration, people who are interested and aroused over the issue presented and who express themselves for the sake of doing only that.

As a matter of fact True Story Magazine's success has been based entirely upon the desire of a large, ordinarily silent section of the community wanting to express itself and seeking a medium in which the vastly moving matters of their life could be spread upon the record. This is a primary, fundamental urge in every human creature. It has been so since the Biblical shepherds told their stories around the camp fires and it will be so as long as men have tongues and can read and write.

You Ask Her Another

(Continued from page 26)

started on Friday, the Thirteenth of January, 1933.

Q. What was your first broadcast?

A. With George Hall and his Hotel Taft orchestra.

Q. Who do you think is the handsomest man in radio?

A. I'll say Mr. Hall, of course.

Q. Who do you think is the most interesting?

A. I really know very few radio stars—I don't get much time to get acquainted.

Q. If you could be somebody else beside Loretta Lee who would you want to be most?

A. I have always wanted to be a Ruth Etting. She's my favorite radio singer.

Q. What do you think makes a woman most interesting—looks, brains or talent?

A. I suppose talent, but I've found that looks help a great deal when you've not got much talent, although I am sure it wasn't my looks that landed my first job for me.

Q. What program brought you the most response from your public?

A. I got more letters commenting upon my old theme song, "Cabin In The Pines."

Q. What do you enjoy doing most when you are not on the radio?

A. I like to go to the theatre and I

do love to go shopping whenever I can.

Q. What's your favorite sport?

A. Swimming.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actress?

A. Kay Francis.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actor?

A. I do like Leslie Howard plenty.

Q. Have you reached the height of your ambition?

A. No.

Q. What is that height?

A. I'd like to be right on top. I want to be a big star and I'm not that yet.

Q. What would you do if you lost your voice?

A. I guess I'd go home to Louisiana and get married. There would be no sense in hanging around New York without a voice.

Q. What song do you like to sing most.

A. Just at present I like my new theme song, "Stay A Little Closer to Me."

Q. If you had three months of complete leisure what would you do with your time.

A. I'd go home for a nice visit.

Q. Before signing off, is there any message you would like to give your public?

A. I want to thank my fans for liking me

Do You Know the Real Rubinoff?

(Continued from page 23)

Rubinoff came to the surface. It expressed itself first on the balalaika, a stringed instrument like our ukelele, which the oldest brother, Herman, had received as a gift. As a youngster of five, Dave was able to pluck such weird and moving harmonies from its strings that Herman gave him the instrument—and the child immediately turned the instrument into a holy of holies, and permitted no one to touch it.

The exceptional skill of the child impressed Herr Gottfried, music teacher of Grodno, who volunteered to give the boy free violin lessons if the mother would provide an instrument. The cheapest meant an expenditure of three roubles, as much as father Rubinoff earned in a week.

With the faith of a mother, Mrs. Rubinoff raised the money. What sacrifice it entailed, you had best imagine, because it is difficult to tell. Pennies saved from the never too plentiful food supply, economies in candles and oil for the house lamp, skimping, saving, robbing herself of food and clothing, Rubinoff's mother raised the three roubles.

THEN lessons. They were not entirely free because Dave's sister, Rose, who was a seamstress, made dresses for Gottfried's children and wife. There was joy in those lessons, for all that, the joy of complete harmony between pupil and instructor, between master and acolyte. Rubinoff mastered the instrument well enough to win a scholarship at the Conservatory of Warsaw, and left Grodno at the age of 13 with Gottfried's blessing and his most valued violin, a Klotz.

Rubinoff did not see his instructor again after that last farewell because the entire family left for America the following year. Two years ago, Phil Rubinoff, brother and manager of the soloist, ran across Gottfried during a tour of the continent. Since then, the old instructor, to whom Rubinoff owes all that he is today, receives a monthly check which is more than ample to keep Gottfried and his family. Rubinoff is at last paying for his violin lessons in Grodno.

In this country, the Rubinoffs found reign of hardship. Dave pulled through selling papers on the streets of Pittsburgh, playing in small cafes and neighborhood motion picture theatres. There followed several years in vaudeville. Then work as a conductor in theatres of St. Paul and Minneapolis, more tours on the Loew and Publix circuits, and finally conductor of the Paramount Theatre orchestra at Times Square, the cross-roads of the world!

It was here that Rudy Vallee first met Rubinoff and marvelled at his talent. Himself a musician, Rudy recognized the flair for orchestral tone colors, for dynamic rhythms, for warmth and emotionalism in the conducting skill of the youthful conductor, and introduced him to radio. After

one audition, Rubinoff was signed by the Chase and Sanborn company, and has been on their program since January 11th, 1931.

What manner of man is Rubinoff? Audiences have heard him reviled by Eddie Cantor and think of him, if at all, in the terms of Eddie's description. Yet Rubinoff's hair is not too long, his accent is not bad, he is not a freak. Neither is he commonplace. His personality is dynamic. No one can be near him for any length of time without feeling the searing force of it.

Only recently, he put in a schedule of work that would have daunted two lesser men. Five shows a day conducting and rehearsing the orchestra of the New York Paramount—from eleven in the morning until eleven at night. From seven in the morning until theatre time rehearsing two orchestras—the Chase and Sanborn and the theatre orchestra. From eleven at night until two in the morning conducting the dance orchestra of the Hotel Roosevelt. And several times a week, rehearsing the dance orchestra from two a. m. to four or five a. m.—and between times practicing his solos.

Sleep? About five hours a day and what little he could snatch in his dressing room between shows. And very little of that because it was then that he saw his arrangers, song publishers, show producers, producers of the radio show, newspaper and magazine reporters. It was between shows that he snatched precious time to answer mail, and autograph hundreds of fan photos.

He has few friends. His busy life makes it impossible for him to develop the friendships that he would like. Essentially, he is a lonely person.

His vital personality demands surroundings that are spacious and free. His apartment overlooks the 840 acres of Central Park . . . his offices, as stated before, overlook the East and Hudson Rivers from the 29th floor of a Times Square skyscraper.

HIS habits are simple. Has orange juice and coffee for breakfast. Drinks coffee au lait from a glass, Russian style.

Up at 6 a. m. regardless of the hour he goes to bed. Then takes bath or shower depending on the whim of his colored valet. Rarely smokes . . . is too nervous. Sleeps with his precious Strad near his bed.

He is at ease anywhere and with everybody. Will eat in one of New York's ritziest luncheries one day . . . and grab a tray in a cafeteria the next. Eats simple food only . . . likes rye bread and can really wrestle a herring. Frequents Lindy's in New York and goes in strong for caviar, smoked salmon, and other Russian delicacies. Great tea drinker.

He demands music at all times, and has radios in his dressing rooms, at his office, at home, and in his car. Cannot fall asleep unless radio is turned on.

His car is an expensive Isotta Fras-

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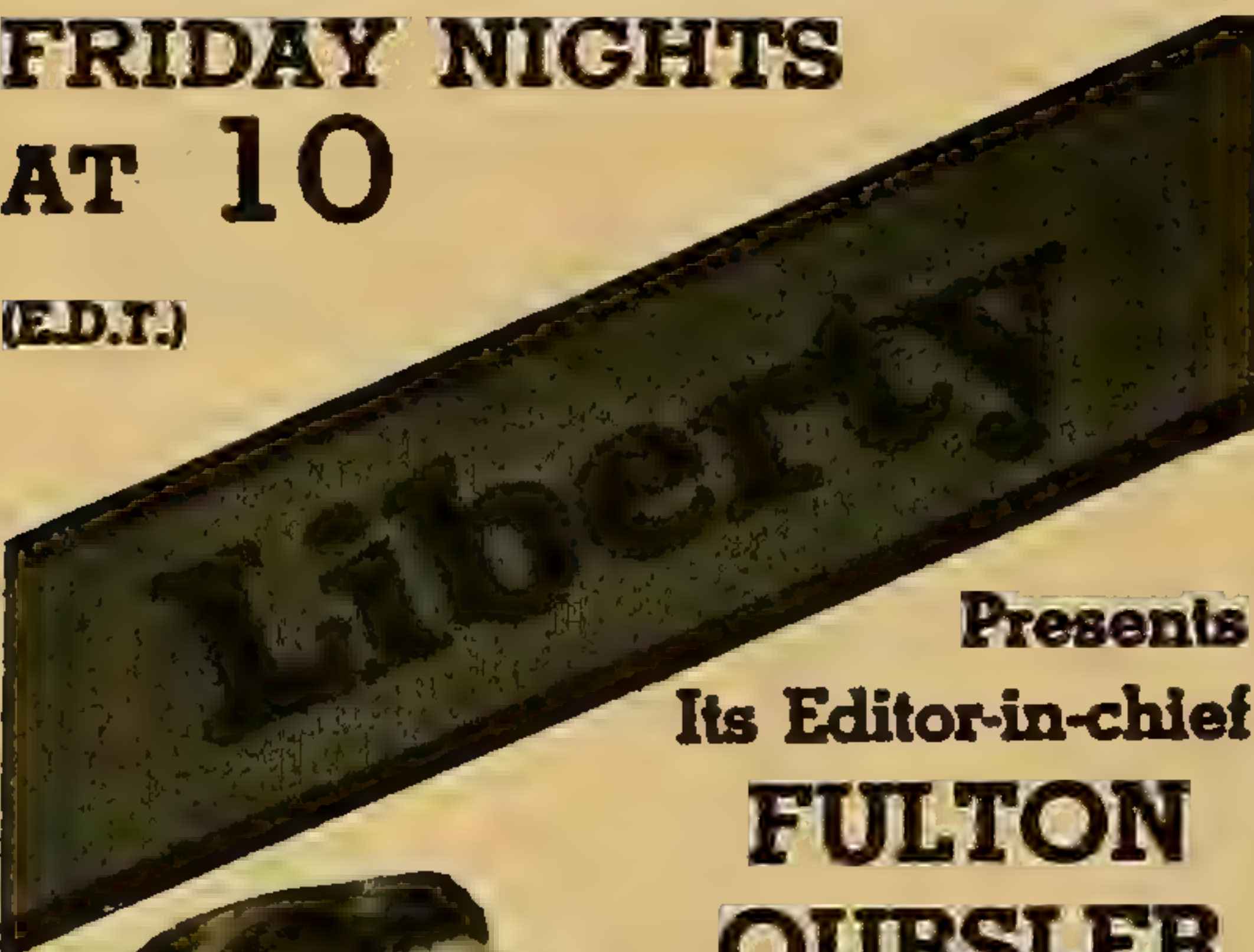
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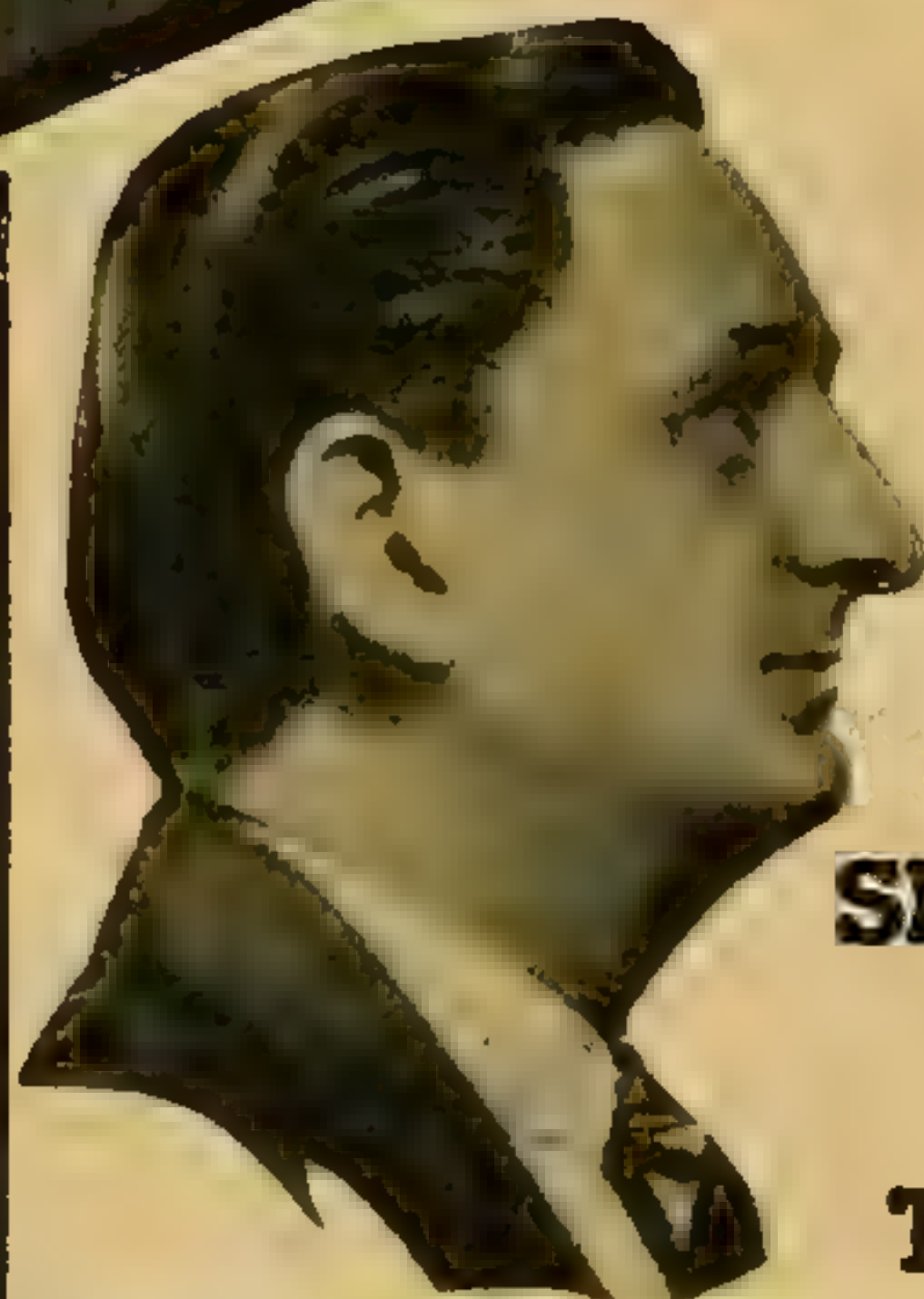
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WKBF	KWK	KDKA	WBZ
	WENR	KWCR	

chini, pale-blue in color, gorgeous in trappings. It is a familiar sight at the stage door of the Paramount, the NBC studios, and before the entrance to the Hotel Roosevelt.

He never exercises. His terrific routine keeps him trimmed to fighting weight at all times.

Thanks to his valet he is an immaculate dresser. His loudest garment is a yellow dressing gown given to him by Belle Baker. At present his favorite gown is a maroon one, a gift from Eddie Cantor. He is also proud of a wrist watch given him by Eddie as a gesture of thanks for his constant cooperation with the comedian. Another indication of how little animosity there is between the two.

According to his valet, he has over 40 suits and corresponding number of pairs of shoes. He changes shirts every three or four hours, and changes his shoes after each show. He does this not because of his own desire (he is too busy to think about clothes) but because his valet insists that he look his best at each stage appearance.

He has two grand passions. One is for his violin, the other for his family. He lavishes on his Strad, the atten-

tion of a lover. He rarely lets it out of his sight, permits no one but his chauffeur to carry it, caresses its brilliantly varnished surface every few minutes, and never gets tired of showing it to people. Unlike most professional violinists, who rarely play for friends and acquaintances, he will put the Strad to his chin at any private gathering.

His strong attachment to his family is one of the biggest things in his life. He has always contributed generously to the support of his parents in Pittsburgh, and bought them a fine home in the exclusive Squirrel Hill section of that city. He finds frequent opportunity to run home for an overnight visit, despite his heavy schedule, and brings his parents to New York from time to time.

That is Rubinoff as his closest friends know him. Always busy, always dynamic and vital. He believes that music should be emotional and warm—and chooses his orchestral numbers and his solos only by the criterion—how will this tune make people feel? He is the mob-artist of America, the artist of the masses.

Now you know the real Rubinoff!

When They Cross Their Fingers

(Continued from page 17)

orchestra leader lies awake half an hour in bed every morning, to make sure that he won't leap out on the left side. On those occasions when he has done so, he has been forced to make long jumps with his band. And although he attaches no significance at all to possession or discovery of a four-leaf clover, he won't consciously get out of bed unless it's on the right side.

Phil Baker is a worldly-wise Broadwayite. Superstition has no part in his life. Who cares if you toss a hat on the bed. It's just a hat, and just a bed, and there are no such things as jinxes, so what if you don't knock wood to ward off evil or disappointment. All those things are silly—except a crawling beetle. Such an insect just shouldn't be. It was put on earth by a Divine Providence to warn perceiving people of oncoming trouble. When Phil decided to have a haunt on his program—a stooge who would annoy him, he could think of no better name for him than "Beetle." He named his other stooge, Harry McNaughton, his regular foil, "Bottle," to be alliterative with the hated "Beetle."

Don't cry in the presence of Gracie Allen, even if you are a relative. Crying in the home of the Birnbaums (Mr. George Burns and Mrs. Gracie Allen) is indicative of a tragedy. A tragedy of a catastrophic nature. It's all right for George or Gracie to cry. But nobody else—unless you happen to be living with them. And don't place shoes on the table unless you're aching for a tremendous fight.

Eddie Cantor has no real superstitions. But, if by accident he should put his shirt on inside out, or his vest,

well, he won't take either off all day. Otherwise every investment would go flooey, his program would flop and things generally would go wrong.

Of all the ridiculous things in a superstitious world, says Ed Wynn, are charms and amulets. But he never goes on the stage or before a microphone without the statue of a Catholic saint in his pocket, and in his purse, you will find several tiny crosses, given him by a devout former valet. And Ed Wynn is not of the Christian faith.

If Peggy Healy, the Paul Whiteman hot-cha girl is en route on a trip, and drops a valise, she will go back to the point where she started, or maybe give up traveling that particular day, because the trip is sure to result in dismal failure, otherwise. If Frank Luther spills sugar it is the portent of a cataclysmic misfortune, and to overcome it, he carries always a lump of sugar in his pocket. Yet, tell Frank the story of savages who put sweets on an altar to appease angry, but invisible demons, and he guffaws at you, because he once studied to be a minister, and knows those silly beliefs for so much bunk.

Ferde Grofe, the composer believes in good luck signs, even though the signs be marked with blood. If he cuts himself while shaving in the morning, he will (he hopes) receive a check before the sun sets on that particular day.

Raymond Knight, of the KUKU program is absolutely certain that if he sits on a park bench, while out for an airing, or at any other time, it will result in his sitting on them professionally—as an individual of the army of the unemployed. Milton J. Cross will never occupy a chair while broadcasting. He

is not at all superstitious, but if he should sit down, well, before noon the next day, as sure as shooting, he will receive a letter containing the very worst of news. Frank Black, NBC musical director will cross a street rather than pass a ladder, under, or outside. If he doesn't take this precaution, everything will go wrong for several hours thereafter. Practically everybody in the show business will generate murder in their hearts against the fool who whistles in the studio, or dressing room. That is why Morton Downey and Bing Crosby have a swell time violating this taboo, whenever they go to see their friends back stage.

Coffee before ten in the morning is the poison of bad luck to Phil Duey. But Mary McCoy will have a happy day indeed, if she happens to drop her purse to the street (and doesn't leave it

there) when she starts out for the day. Leo Reisman has been known to renew a year's lease on an apartment because there was a cricket on the hearth. If he had moved, he would have broken his luck. Once he did move from a country place, where crickets were in profusion. He broke not only his luck, but his leg, an hour after departing from the domicile. If Martha Mears happens to start a run in her stocking, it means, absolutely that before sundown, somebody will send her flowers. She wishes she could change this charm, and have somebody send her a new pair of stockings instead of the flowers.

The only man I know, in the radio business without a superstition to his name, is a sponsor. But even this gentleman won't have a blonde on his program. A blonde once spelled plenty of trouble for him.

Ponselle Broadcasts to Plain Folks

(Continued from page 15)

stars of the Metropolitan? She knew nothing! When conductors and coaches spoke to her in the technical jargon of the operatic stage, she hadn't the first idea of what they were talking about. During that whole hot summer, she worked, ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day, studying, learning, memorizing, coaching. And she tells you that she prayed a lot, too. And then, in the autumn of 1921, came that sensational debut, in the leading rôle of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, with Caruso. The audience went wild. Rosa Ponselle, of the vaudeville circuits, had emerged as America's great prima donna.

And now, for the first time, Rosa Ponselle is broadcasting a regular series, over the Columbia network. Because she wants the plain people, who can't or don't go to the opera, to hear the music she hungered so for, back in the Meriden days. She might have used these spring months to sing in London, Rome, Florence, Paris . . . music centers which have acclaimed her as the greatest of living sopranos. But she'd rather stay here, to reach out personally to those nameless millions, who are so much a part of her own simple background.

Rosa Ponselle is an interesting combination of typically Italian and typically American characteristics. She has the warm-hearted impulsiveness of the Latin and the democratic broad-mindedness of the Yankee. No one, perhaps, will ever know how many treats she provides for orphanages and old people's homes, because she sends them anonymously. She isn't at all pretty, in the magazine-cover-girl style, but she is strikingly beautiful after the fashion of a Renaissance Madonna. She has rich olive coloring, warm dark eyes, and masses of lustrous black hair, which she wears looped back from her forehead, and covering her ears. Her voice is vibrant and pitched deep, as though she ought to sing contralto. She is utterly natural and wholesome and a "regular girl." She is an expert cook.

When she entertains, she is busy in the kitchen beforehand, touching up the dishes herself. She hasn't forgotten the days when she helped her mother prepare the family meals, because there was no one else to do it!

She can't bear warm rooms. Even in winter, the windows go up directly she enters. She is extremely fond of sports and out-of-door life. She goes for long tramps in the woods, and plays ball, and golf, and adores bicycle riding. At a recent Metropolitan Opera frolic, she rode around the stage on her bicycle, singing her high C's while in motion! She lives in New York, in a pent-house overlooking the river. The pent-house isn't for swank, she assures you . . . it's the nearest she can get to the country. As a matter of fact, she'd rather live in the country. She loves her own home, and expresses herself in it, as any woman will. She planned the entire decorative scheme herself, and can frequently be seen coming in from market, her arms full of bundles. She loves animals, and takes her pet dog to all her operatic performances. He is a well trained dog. At a given signal, he will bark in unison with his mistress's singing. Otherwise he listens.

Ponselle isn't the least ashamed of having entered the musical world by way of the movie theatres and the vaudeville circuits. On the contrary, she's proud of it! That's the sort of person she is. She tells you that God gave her her voice and the will to use it, and that her good parents supplied her with abundant health and the inspiration to do things. All she had to furnish herself was the work. It sounds simple . . .

She has never married. People never fail to ask her WHY, and she explains it logically enough. The only kind of home-life she cares for is the kind she used to know . . . a simple, warm family life, with meals to cook, and children about to care for, and plain, unified interests, not too much in the public eye. She could not give herself up completely to such a life just now,



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and she wouldn't be satisfied with anything less. Rosa isn't the sort of person to do anything half way. Some day, perhaps . . . just now, though, she has her work to think of. She has a

deep sympathetic understanding for children. Possibly because she has never gotten very far away from that round-eyed little girl who used to listen to the old phonograph. That plain little

girl from a poor home has had this influence, at least, on America's music:— she has made America's foremost prima donna double eager to reach out to people's hearts.

I'm Married to Fred Allen

(Continued from page 11)

I have been asked by the editor of this magazine to tell about the little peculiar characteristics that my husband may have about things which affect our lives aside from our public activities. I do not feel that I should go too far in discussing these things, because I must reiterate the fact that my husband is of a very cloistered disposition, and I would not like to expose him to the glare of the sort of publicity that he does not enjoy.

However, I believe I can go so far as to say that some of the things Fred is

very particular about are the creases in his trousers, the comfortableness of his shoes, the state of moisture or lack of moisture in his cigars, his utter passion for derbys and his refusal to wear anything but suits which have very tiny checks in them. This last is a very interesting thing. It arises from Fred's fondness of looking well in a photograph and his learning years ago that the most effective kind of a suit, photographically, is a suit which has a very small, square pattern in the weave.

I suppose the things Fred detests

more than anything else are people who suggest bad jokes for the programs and wonder why he doesn't laugh at them and use them at the next broadcast, and people who say that radio is still in its infancy and then want to tell you how the programs should be written. But he never is really upset and he always has a minute to spare for reporters, fans, photographers and if you stop him for an autograph he's willing to meet you half-way. He'll give you his name if you have the pen and ink. Or, maybe even if you haven't the pen.

On the Pacific Air Waves

(Continued from page 43)

manufacturer, but then owner of KMIC, Inglewood, and KFWC, Pomona, Cal., induced him to become station announcer. Later he moved to KDB, San Diego, and then to KMTR, Hollywood as staff mike spieler. Along came Paul Whiteman and selected Von Zell as his mikeman for a coast tour. Columbia heard and offered him a permanent announcing berth in New York.

* * *

YOU'D think that a boy born and brought up in Pendleton, Oregon,

would wear a wide brimmed sombrero and swing a mean lariat.

But nothing like this for James Burroughs, KFI-KECA tenor, who looks more like a "city slicker" than a lad from the cow-punching country.

Yes, sir, and ladies, Jimmie sports one of those toothbrush mustachios, has been seen carrying a cane, looks well in spats and is generally an all-round nifty dresser.

James Burroughs has been catalogued as one of the west's most versatile linguistic songsters . . . German,

French and Spanish, to say nothing of American (English as she is spoken).

He was once on the Orpheum circuit, was on the New York stage a year, did some picture work, appeared in many Grauman prologues at the Chinese theatre in Hollywood and has been heard on KFI for many years.

His chief hobby is high powered motor cars, probably an outgrowth of the urge to ride a pinto pony out on the range. Out in Hollywood it just isn't being done these days, so the motor chariot fills the bill instead.

In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 49)

garnish with parsley. Serve.

We know by his fan mail that Fred Allen is popular with you listeners, and we also know that you will like Fred's favorite cake, Mrs. Allen's Gingerbread Cake.

GINGERBREAD CAKE

$\frac{7}{8}$ cup butter
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
Salt
5 eggs
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups powdered sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons yellow ginger

Cream the butter, and add flour gradually. Beat egg whites stiff, and beat in half the sugar, salt and ginger. Beat yolks until lemon colored, add sugar slowly, and add this mixture to butter and flour. Beat well, fold in egg whites, sift in the baking powder, beat well. . . . Bake in buttered deep pan for one hour in a moderate oven. Serve plain or with a chocolate, or white frosting.

George Burns has his troubles with Gracie Allen on the air, but she cer-

tainly knows how to make this Fruit Cocktail for him.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

1 pint pineapple juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricots, stewed
3 tablespoons lemon juice
crushed ice

Put the pineapple juice in a shaker, add to this the apricots that have been pressed through a sieve, the lemon juice, and plenty of crushed ice. Shake well. This is very inexpensive, and tasty: It makes about nine portions.

Meet the Wife

(Continued from page 19)

the first year of free-lancing, was a lean one. He worked night and day to break into radio script writing, without much success.

One night the Lords tuned in on an unconvincing sketch of small-town life. Phil felt blue and discouraged. "I could do better than that myself," he said. "Why don't you?" his wife suggested. He sat down and wrote a few sample sketches; radio officials snatched them up. Seth Parker was on the air. His financial worries were over.

Recently Sophia Lord again showed her mettle. She knew how much his proposed trip meant to her husband;

how he had planned it for years. It was impossible for her to go, because of their two daughters, Jean, six, and Patricia, three. Traveling into the far corners of the world isn't the best thing for youngsters. Cheerfully, she sent her man away for eighteen months. She remains at home with the children.

Most of us believe that once a star has put his foot up a few rungs of the ladder of success, he leads a charmed life. Nothing could be further from the truth, Lawrence Tibbett discovered.

Born in poverty, his had been a desperate struggle to arrive. When

he did succeed, he didn't have the self assurance his position required. His life seemed empty, futile. His first marriage had failed.

Then he met Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard, Social Registerite. She was charming, cultured, cosmopolitan to her finger tips. To her he went for advice about his career. Their friendship ripened into love, and they were married. Her wide knowledge of the world was an inspiration to him; her assurance communicated itself to him. He was now able to meet the Four Hundred. Their home became a mecca for everyone of importance in the music and social world.

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the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy. Food specialists, however, have only recently discovered a marvelous source of practically every single mineral essential to body needs. It is known as Kelp-a-Malt, a pleasant, easy to take vegetable concentrate made from a luxuriant sea plant from the Pacific Ocean combined with diastatic malt extract in delicious, pleasant tasting tablets. It provides in easily assimilable form virtually every food mineral needed for health and strength.

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iodine that is present in small quantities in spinach and lettuce. It is the lack of this iodine which experts in nutrition says is our foremost national health problem.

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more iron and copper for rich blood, vitality and strength than a pound of spinach, 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than six eggs, more phosphorus than a pound and a half of carrots—sulphur, sodium, potassium and other essential minerals. Only when you get an adequate amount of these minerals can your food do you any good, can you nourish glands, add weight, strengthen your nerves, increase your vigor, vitality and endurance.

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